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TO * * * * * *

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Ten thousand thousand thoughts above
Your grudging, miserable love,
I stand, albeit desolate;
God made me patient—I can wait!

The passion that my soul endures
Is darkly folded up in yours;
The growth I have attained, I know
Is quickening in your power to grow

This restless, crazy world may run
Fretting fat ages round the sun,
And this poor dust you call divine,
Clothe many a better life than mine;

Ere I shall kiss your eyes awake
To see our marriage morning break,
And clasp you, oh! so close again,
Paid for eternities of pain.

A. C.

Original Novelet.

ZILLAH: THE CHILD-MEDIUM.

A TALE OF SPIRITUALISM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

It was on the afternoon of the day on which the remains of Zillah O'Brien had been committed to the bosom of our mother earth. In a green and peaceful country graveyard not far distant she reposed in that slumber that may never know but one awakening. No stone until later years was erected to her memory, and for a long while flowers only, sweet, innocent things, like her who lay beneath, marked the low mound. Now, many a stranger loitering in that pleasant New Jersey village, pauses to meditate the signification of her monument, as he peers through the railings of the church-yard. It is simply a prostrate slab, bearing a ball of black marble, to which are affixed two wings of the same material, but of a spotless white. On the slab is this inscription:

ZILLAH O'BRIAN.

"An angel for all Eternity."

It was, as I have said, the afternoon of the day of the burial.

Sitting upon the piazza of St. Mary's Lodge, and very sad at heart was Rachel Otto. She had loved Zillah very deeply, so deeply that her death had seemed as it were, to rive from her a portion of her own life. It was near sundown, and looking listlessly into the lovely valley beneath, in which lay a white village, girt with the solemn beauty of green trees, she was glad of the hour of repose. The coming twilight and the deliciousness of the soft air were grateful to her worn, depressed spirit.

But soon the promise of a glorious sunset faded; the sky changed, its serene aspect melted into grey clouds, that betokened the advent of a storm. Rachel was languidly marvelling at and deploring this sudden change, when she beheld Mr. Ogilvie advancing up one of the front paths. He saw her on the piazza, and waved his hat in chivalric greeting. As he came nearer, she could not but observe that his face wore a dark, troubled appearance, that was not usual. His step, too, was quick and impatient, and this was with him an unfailing sign of disturbed equanimity.

"Rachel," he said, abruptly, "come with me. Do not delay. All is ready."

His manner was excited, almost violent. Rachel did not understand the import of his words, but, as he uttered them, he smiled that rare, sweet, lingering smile, and in her infatuated heart there was no room for doubt or interrogation.

"Come," he again said, holding out his hand to clasp hers, and there was that in his voice which made her feel she could follow him to the farthermost part of this earth.

She had a light shawl resting on her shoulders. She folded it over her head, and without a word, stood ready. He drew her arm within his, and thus strangely they set forth, both without consulting the gloomy, threatening skies, and one, confidingly careless of the purpose and destination of this strange ramble.

In his impetuosity, Mr. Ogilvie strode along so rapidly, that it required great effort on Rachel's part to keep pace with him. Over fields of untrodden grain, through unfrequented paths and byways he led her with stern, mute haste, treading all barriers under foot with almost crazed vehemence. Once a farm-fence obstructed the path. Mr. Ogilvie took his companion lightly in his powerful grasp, lifted her over the bars, and silently placing her again on her feet, proceeded onward as rapidly as before. Not a word had been spoken since they left the Lodge. She asked no explanation, desired none. She loved him too blindly to dream of demanding it.

Presently Mr. Ogilvie became conscious that he was walking too fast for Rachel's strength, and for the first time he paused. This was fortunate; for the poor girl was almost exhausted, and involuntarily panted for breath.

"Rachel,—child,—myth!" he cried, "why did you not stop me? What a wretch I am to cause you this suffering. In my haste I forgot even that you were with me. I was very wrong. Forgive me, I entreat you."

He seated her tenderly on the roadside grass, and standing at her feet with uncovered head, seemed bitterly to reproach himself for his neglect.

"It is nothing," said Rachel, quietly, "I shall soon feel better. I am out of breath, that is all."

"I do not deserve to hear you say so. I would not harm my little friend Rachel, for all the wealth the world contains. Let him injure one hair of her young head who dares. I tell you, child, you are more precious to me than any thing language may name. The India heathen guard their idols less zealously than I wish to guard mine."

"Come," said Rachel, rising, "let us go on."

Just then a vivid flash of lightning illuminated the lonely, deserted lane in which they were.

Rachel had a constitutional fear of lightning, but she said nothing, expecting, of course, that on this signal of a coming storm her companion would at once proceed homeward. To her surprise, he again placed her hand on his arm, and resumed walking. The vehemence of his gait began gradually to return, and she perceived that he was once more oblivious of her presence. The lane they were following grew every moment more wildly romantic. They were constantly obliged to stoop to pass under the heavy, overhanging boughs of the trees, and frequently the safe foothold of the path was interrupted by narrow rocky chasms. It was nearly night, and the premature darkness of the gathering storm made these places very dangerous to cross. All signs of the presence of humanity had long before disappeared. A wilderness could not have been more impressively desolate than the lonely tract of country these two were traversing. Rachel had noticed that the path had been rising for some time, and she was not surprised when an abrupt turn in it, revealed a steep and rough ascent winding through the dense wood, over the face of a hill. The prospect of climbing this uninviting elevation, was in her wearied state no enviable undertaking, and she now thought it time to rebel. Very quietly she slipped her hand from Mr. Ogilvie's arm, and stood motionless.

"We shall get wet," she said, in answer to his glance of reproachful inquiry. "I do not think I can go any further."

"It is too late to return now," he answered, "we shall soon reach shelter,—the storm will break in a few moments."

A shivering peal of thunder seeming to enforce his words, she yielded, and they commenced the ascent together. They had but half accomplished it, before they were obliged to pause to rest.

"Rachel," said Mr. Ogilvie, in a low voice, "do not judge hardly of me for what may happen this night. If there is but little good, and much daring in my nature, try to—" a gust of wind swept away the remainder of the sentence.

On nearing the summit of the hill, Rachel saw through the cloudy obscurity, a rudely constructed house standing in a small clearing. A dim light shone from the windows, and towards it Mr. Ogilvie half led, half carried her. Arriving at it, he unlocked and opened the door, and they entered.

It was a miserable, scantily furnished hut, evidently the habitation of some poor laborer's little family, to judge from the coarse garments hanging around the walls.

A small wood fire burned on the hearth, the flame from which was all the light in the room, although lamps were evidently burning behind a partition curtain that reached from floor to ceiling, at one end of the cabin.

"We are alone," said Mr. Ogilvie, placing a seat for Rachel; "we can wait here undisturbed until the rain ceases."

He drew out a chair for himself, and sitting down gave a long, deep respiration. For some time silence reigned between them, which Rachel dared not be the first to break. She experienced fear, she knew not why.

A dull, sullen sound on the roof, told that the storm was commencing.

"It is raining," said Mr. Ogilvie, rising and going to a window. Then he came back and stood directly before Rachel. "Child, you strive in vain to appear apathetic. Your face is ever expressive of the truth. Do not attempt to deceive me."

It was true. The solitude of that deserted hut, so far up the mountain, and the increasing violence of the tempest without, appalled her.

"Shall we go?" he asked.

Her only answer was an eager "Yes," and she arose joyfully to follow him from the place.

"What! In this driving rain? Hear it how it pelts against the panes!"

"Yes, yes—oh yes! Let us go anywhere away from here. There is something in the air of this cabin that refuses respiration."

Mr. Ogilvie folded his arms, and regarding her intently, smiled.

"A coward, Rachel?"

"I acknowledge it, I am! I cannot explain it even to myself, but I am, indeed, afraid."

"Yes, 'afraid,'" he repeated, "that is the word. Rachel, I thought you a woman, a true, noble woman, timid, perhaps, among the petty scenes of every day life, but courageous in circumstances demanding actual courage. I have not brought you here without a purpose, (I tell you it frankly) and now by weak, childish fear, you destroy the trust I placed in you. I have something to say to you—a confidence to repose in you which can only be reposed in you here; though I have waited, hoped, panted for this hour to come, I am to be disappointed, foiled at last."

Pride recalled Rachel's truant heroism.—Looking daringly in his pale, wrathful face, she exclaimed,

"You shall not be foiled by me. Try and prove me!"

Thoughtfully he leaned his cheek on his hand.

"Listen then," he said. "Explanation is your due."

"Well?"

"Rachel, I have never asked you if you believed in Spiritualism, modern Spiritualism, although we have often spoken together on the subject. Have you faith in it?"

"No," she answered; now completely reassured, despite the shadows on his perplexed brow.

"Child, I tell you, you must."

"Must! how can I when Reason forbids it?"

"You speak blindly, but it is natural, for you are unconvinced. The very vision you told me of, which you thought a sudden gift of second sight, what was that but a species of Spiritualism? Through our mutual relations there existed between us, at the time, strong sympathy. Naturally, then, your spiritual development progressed in a degree approximating to my own, and mine was progressing then, for, at the exact hour that you beheld me in your vision, I was actually sitting at the table, exercising my newly discovered powers as a tipping medium. So much for our affinities. I did not tell you of this before, because I thought the time was not yet come. What do you think of this?"

"That it is very wonderful. Yet clairvoyance is not Spiritualism."

"Sceptic! Will nothing convince you? Tell me if you know the precise meaning of the word 'medium,' as used by Spiritualists?"

"Yes, most certainly."

"There are many varieties of mediums, some of them being possessed of greater power than others. Tipping, which is the lowest, rapping, writing, seeing, speaking, and healing mediums; this is their progressive order, each being a degree higher, and surely that is best which is most calculated to ameliorate the fallen condition of man; the healing medium has but to lay his hands on the sick, and they become free from disease."

"Do you believe this?" demanded Rachel, doubtingly.

"I have proved it!" was the vehement reply. "I never use other physicians than healing mediums."

Rachel looked at him in amazement, but his countenance expressed no sign of insincerity.

"Rachel, although I do not acknowledge the existence of a God, or of any Almighty Being whatever, as you know, I confess to you now, that I do believe in a Hereafter—in the Eternal Life of souls released from their clay bondage on earth. Thus much have I gained from Spiritualism, for I am both a Spiritualist and a medium."

He paused, evidently expecting some words of womanly rebuke, argument or persuasive entreaty. But she only colored slightly, her dark eyes gleaming for an instant like living fire.

"Well," she said at length, in the tone of one resigned to all the dreariness of Fate.

Mr. Ogilvie did not speak, but seemed, dreamily, to be trying to discern something floating in the air. Then he went on:

"For months past I have been investigating privately this great mystery, carrying out my researches principally through my own mediumship. It is not too presumptuous to say that I have fathomed it. I am about to master it, as men never yet have dreamed of mastering it. Allured at first by mere curiosity, the fascinations of this wonderful tipping, writing and rapping, fastened slowly but surely upon me, and while striving to adapt them to scientific purposes, I became, finally, a partial believer in the creed itself—that is a believer as far as is possible without acknowledging one universal Creator. I will tell you, Rachel, how my attention was first attracted to Spiritualism. I was sitting one day alone in my room humming some little trifling melody, which, unbidden, had found its way to my lips. Suddenly I heard a clear, distinct, well harmonized voice, mingling a most musical contralto part with my own. I ceased singing, greatly surprised, and at the same note the voice ceased also. I searched the room, looked out of the windows, but could find no one. As you may suppose, I was a little alarmed and very curious. I began to sing again. Immediately the voice vibrated on my ear. I paused abruptly, and as before, it was not to be heard. I made the experiment many times, and at each trial, in perfect intonation, the voice sang with me? What was I to think? It was at the time inexplicable, and for days afterwards I was completely in the dark with regard to it. In a week or so, I received a visit from a friend, who, unknown to myself, was a writing medium. He informed me that the previous night a communication from the Spirit World had come through his hand for me, with a written injunction to give it to me immediately. I had mentioned to no one, Rachel, the circumstance I have just related to you; judge then of my astonishment as I read these words in a handwriting precisely similar to that of my dead mother. 'My dear son!—do not doubt for one moment that the vibrations you heard on the sixth day of May last were made by a spirit voice. Your mother, Sarah Godfrey Ogilvie.' Shortly after this, I was influenced to become a medium, and I am now, although I have always kept the knowledge from you, among the most powerful ones of the time. Every day of my life I receive communications from departed friends, and I am happier and better for it. I understood your sternly religious principles so well, Rachel, that I have not dared to speak of all this before. To-night, now, or never, I determined to tell you."

"Is it possible!" said Rachel, sorrowfully, alarmed at the enthusiasm of his manner, "is it possible that you can put faith in the idea that the holy angels are to be disturbed from their heavenly repose, to come and go, at the call of wicked men and women?"

Mr. Ogilvie repeated slowly this word "repose."

"Spiritual Life is not 'repose;'" he said, dreamily; "it is active as ours; inspirable like ours by hopes and ambitions as colossal, great, good and glorious."

Rachel thrilled with dismay at the mere prospect of such a heaven.

"Where, then," she inquired, warmly, "is that 'rest from our labors' promised us in Scripture?"

"Do not let us discuss this subject now," said Mr. Ogilvie. "Every moment is precious. I must progress to the revelation which is the object of your visit to this place. Be still, and listen. Listen to a plan of redemption from death; listen to the grandeur of the immortality for mankind which I have wrought out from this imperfect thing they call Spiritualism. My nights have long been feverish with the desire to test my discovery; my days but one wild eagerness of impatience. The time is now come. Triumph, victory awaits me; for man, born of woman, shall live forever through me!"

His words, mien, gestures, struck a terror through Rachel, such as it is impossible for language to describe. She shrank from him, and yet, unaccountably fascinated, her eyes would not leave his face, glowing as it was with a giant beauty which had never rested there before. Mr. Ogilvie must have read her fears, for his manner calmed and his voice sank from its previous tone of exultation as he proceeded.

"I have pondered long and anxiously over the principle by which a medium endows his tools with action and partial vitality. If a mere table can be gifted through his hands with electric power that prepares it to become the temporary abode of the spirits of men who manifest intelligence that proves beyond all doubt their ability to come back to earth; why, yes, why may not the human frame of the newly DEAD be inspired by the same means with breath and motion? Yes, yes! If the soul have power to revisit the world, and, through mediums, animate things fashioned by man, may it not return to its clay by the exercise of this same mediumship? Answer me that! Who shall prove that such things are impossible?"

He strode passionately to the dark curtain which shut off a portion of the hut, and drew it aside with savage haste.

The lamp that was burning behind it revealed dimly the form of a low, rough bed, and reposing upon the red woollen counterpane, Rachel saw the rude outline of a sleeping child.

Then again Mr. Ogilvie turned towards her, calling her imperiously to come to him. With a passiveness at which she herself was astonished, Rachel complied with the demand, for both in tone and wording it was such.

"Look!"

She cast her eyes in mute obedience upon the white limbs of the child.

Good God! It was Zillah—dead, silent Zillah!

Rachel did not speak—she did not weep—she did not tremble! She stood without will, power or sensation, and gazed upon the cold, statuesque figure of her whom she had that day beheld committed to the grave. A long while she remained in this singular state. Then, on her benumbed brain dawned the full meaning of Mr. Ogilvie's last words. As she looked on that little, sinless form, the awful desecration of his purpose flashed on her mind. She sank faintly to a seat, shutting out from her eyes with her clasped hands, the peaceful, trusting smile on that dead child's face. It stabbed her to the heart, for she could not but feel herself an accomplice in this sacrilegious plan. A cautious movement of Mr. Ogilvie's caused her to raise her head. The obscure light revealed his large form bending over the rude couch. One of his hands lay lightly on Zillah's sweet, marble forehead, the other rested on the feet.—He was looking steadfastly in the child's face, and seemed concentrating the whole force of his enormous will and strong intellect.

"Rachel," he said, gently, "sing something plaintive and melancholy, will you?"

The girl did not speak.

"Sing!" he repeated, more forcibly.

Still she was mute.

A third time he spoke, and at the same moment he raised his head and looked at her with protracted, unflinching, magnetic gaze. A cold, singular sensation crept over her, as, unwillingly, she at last sang. It seemed to her as though she were submitting to some power which could not but be obeyed. She began a sorrowful ballad, the first that occurred to her.

"Not that!" exclaimed Mr. Ogilvie, impatiently; "how can that secular thing calm the nerves, concentrate the attention, and aid the solemn invocation of a departed spirit? Not that! Sing one of the most supplicating of the hymns with which you worship the Being you call God?"

He had removed his eyes, and gradually her feeling of constraint passed away. Therefore she now cried boldly,

"Freeland Ogilvie, deny it as you will, you are a believer in the Deity!"

He was earnestly regarding the lifeless figure outstretched before him, and he only said, softly—

"Hush! Do not speak!"

"I will speak!" she cried, eagerly; "I will tell you that in your secret soul you own the existence of a God! If it is not so, why then do you tacitly acknowledge the virtue of the received forms of divine worship as you did just now, when you bade me sing a hymn? Sophistical, sacrilegious man, your creed and actions contradict each other!"

She spoke loudly, passionately. Yet he did not answer. His large head was bent over the bosom of the child; his ear rested on it.

"Sing!" he said, calmly, raising his eyes to hers.

Rachel trembled uncontrollably, and—sang.

If ever time, place, circumstance could inspire a human being, the awfulness of her surroundings inspired this young girl then. Music from the harp of a visible angel could not have thrilled her more than did the sound of her own voice chanting lays of divinity, as she gazed with terrible and increasing fascination on that unholy scene. Suddenly her fresh, youthful voice began to tremble, for, indistinctly sounding, as from afar off, the low, sweet voice which Mr. Ogilvie had described, mingled in harmony with her own. It was faint and uncertain, like a picture seen through a misty cloud; still she heard it! She paused, and there was solemn silence. She re-commenced, and that soft contralto once more resounded mournfully through the room. Certainly it was not the mere effect of an excited imagination; the testimony of the senses proved it to be reality. While she sang, unmoved by the phenomenon just recorded, Mr. Ogilvie retained his hands upon the forehead and feet of little Zillah, occasionally bending his head to her breast to listen for the pulsations of the life which he daringly expected to renew. The intellectual grandeur which this man's face expressed, the atmosphere of *daunted mortality*, (in no other words can my meaning be rendered) with which the room seemed invested, filled the soul of Rachel with an involuntary emotion of sublimity that was neither fear nor admiration, yet resembled both.

She ceased singing, and was sadly watching his grand face when she saw dawning upon it, a wild, radiant Joy. His brows smoothed from anxious uncertainty into the broad calm of hope, and his mouth worked with irrepressible excitement. Rachel glanced hastily from him to the child. Her white hands were locked on her little breast; all was still; nothing bespoke the change—the return from immortality to mortality, which Mr. Ogilvie's countenance had indicated. As she looked, lo! those pale hands moved with slight, tremulous motion; then slowly, shudderingly, unclasped.

Still Mr. Ogilvie continued his gaze.

"Arise!" he said, at last, in a firm, commanding voice.

Rachel fell upon her knees, appalled into silence.

"Arise!" he repeated, and removed his hands from Zillah's head and feet. But they remained motionless. Then he came beside Rachel, and resting one cold palm on her head, said, solemnly,

"You have seen—is the testimony of your eyes sufficient, or would you demand more? Ask and you shall have!"

She averted her head in horrible loathing at the icy touch of his polluted fingers, and his unconscious quotation from Holy Writ.

"Rachel," he continued, "this life must not be lost. What I cannot do, you both can and must. You possess that which I do not, a woman's habits, a woman's tact and delicacy of fingering. I am a man, and unable to warm and dress this little child whom I have restored to you; that duty falls upon you. It was for that alone I brought you here. Be quick, quick! or my efforts will have become of no use."

"I will not!" she shrieked, passionately, aroused at once to indignant rebellion.

"You will not!" he repeated, glancing carelessly at her.

Again that stealthy, magnetic influence crept over her soul and body. It was like a penetrating waft of chill, damp autumnal air. She had no will but his; her own volition was completely conquered. He did not utter a word, but she felt herself impelled, through this intellectual and physical control, to obey passively. She staggered to the bed. She touched the long, thin fingers; they were cold as death. The momentary, electrical life had come and gone.

"I will not!" she again cried, desperately, loosening her hold of the thin hand

Ogilvie seemed to relent, hesitating, as it were, between pity for his betrothed, and the allurement of his frightful ambition. Bidding Rachel sit near the fire, he piled on fresh logs, for although summer, the room was far from warm. A little while he stood, regarding the senseless and innocent subject of his experiment, with an air of but partially gratified curiosity, then threw himself at full length before the now blazing hearth, and pillowed his head on Rachel's feet.

"I have succeeded," he murmured, "henceforth I am omnipotent."

Scornfully did Rachel regard him, yet she dared not alter her position.

His features glowed with an absolute glory; great and uncurbed intellect was throned upon them. She thought, profanely, of a god.

"No," she said, "no, Ogilvie, you have not succeeded!"

He sprang up, his countenance expressing mingled wrath at her boldness, and astonishment at the assertion.

Rachel proceeded:

"A mere electric spasm is not *life*. That shuddering movement was surely nothing more, as you yourself must acknowledge at this time to-morrow. And even if it were—what then? If you *had* gifted her with animal existence, is mere breath everything? God alone controls the soul, man's passport for eternity, and never, NEVER could you have recalled *that!*"

These words irritated Ogilvie more than was apparent outwardly. He went to the bed—he pushed back the golden hair from Zillah's forehead, and said, thoughtfully,

"Can it be? Are such things possible? The soul and body dwelling in separate spheres?" and he knelt to contemplate more closely the marble face of that little enigma. He gave a sigh of relief. "It is not so," he said. "Taking it at the worst, this is but an imperfect result of the power I hold. I ought not expect success at once. Who shall say I have failed—who shall venture to say it?"

"I!" cried Rachel, bravely.

"You!" he repeated, contemptuously. "You, a mere weak woman, whom I could crush with one stroke of my hand."

He grasped her by the shoulder, and shook her recklessly.

"*Could* crush, but you dare not," Rachel said, resolutely, as soon as she could speak.

"Do not say so—do not defy me. I *dare*, but I will not. Shall a prisoner destroy the bird that visits him through the iron bars of his cell? Shall a shepherd slaughter the lamb that he has sheltered in his bosom? No, Rachel, no!" He gathered her to him, and lavished caresses upon her as fond as his late grasp was violent. She was a very mite in his hands, and although his touch was hateful to her, she had no escape.

"Lo," he said, placing her at arm's length, and contemplating her through his overhanging brows, "lo, this woman shall be immortal! If disease prostrate her frame, my hands shall snatch her back to life again. The gates of death are shut against her. Rachel, you are mine FOREVER, mine for an *earthly* eternity."

The poor girl could but sob convulsively. She was nearly frantic with the effects of all this horror. Again he pressed her in his arms.

"Conqueror of mortality," he murmured, "all the bliss of earth is open to you! Enjoy it while you may. You have triumphed over the grave, you have power to lock its hungry jaws from those you will. Rachel, you shall be the bride of omnipotence, you mate with a man whom the age shall hereafter proudly name its benefactor."

"Never, never," she cried, in an outburst of the fear, the passion, the dismay that had gradually accumulated in her heart—"*never* do we two wed!"

She struggled in his arms, she attempted to release herself from their contaminating embrace.

"Be quiet, Rachel," he said, calmly, yet with something of mockery at her futile, weak efforts, "be quiet. I have you. I hold you. You are mine."

"I am not! I never will be. From this hour you are nothing to me. You have done with me, and I with you, forever!"

"Indeed, Rachel! you have calculated vainly, if you imagine to distress me by such sophistry. Nothing on this earth shall hinder me from making you my wife, no, not even yourself. You are mine. Rebel not against your destiny. As well battle with a god as with me. I tell you you are MINE."

She burst from him with the desperation of insulted womanhood. There was the blaze of utter scorn in her eyes, and despair as well as energy in her new-acquired strength. At that moment she ceased to love him. She felt, irrevocably, that so long as she might live, he could never again be to her what he had been.

"What now, Rachel?" Mr. Ogilvie asked, smiling tranquilly, but making no endeavor to retain her in his embrace.

"This!" she said, wildly, "that even Satan must shudder at the horrible daring of the aspirations you have revealed to me this night."

She flew to the door. The key was in the lock. With the haste of fear she turned it, and bounded into the open air almost before Mr. Ogilvie had perceived her designed flight.

Rain was falling heavily, and the mountain path, dangerous at all times, was then completely lost to vision. Rachel dashed towards it with a frantic energy, inspirable only by desperation. She could see but a few feet before her, as on, on she rushed. She knew not if she reached the path at all, for she heard, behind, the feet of her pursuer, and she ran she saw not whither. Suddenly she found herself falling, and amid the crash of forest boughs, and sensations of agonizing pain, everything resolved itself into oblivion.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;

OR,

THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

But this congenial little circle could not long remain undisturbed. At the solicitation of Austin, Vivia went to the harp and commenced playing the prelude to his favorite song, when several ladies and gentlemen who had wandered from the supper table back to the saloon, attracted by the first sound of Vivia's voice, now made their appearance at the door of the music-room. However disconcerted the little party might really feel by this unexpected addition to their number, there was nothing to do but receive and entertain the intruders. Austin bowed and wheeled forward a sofa for the ladies. Vivia looked up, acknowledged their presence with a smile and bend of the head, and continued her song. And very soon others were added to her audience. The guests were now pouring back from the supper room into the saloon. Replete with the good things of the table, and indisposed to immediate exercise in promenading or dancing, they were just in the mood to become the passive recipients of amusement. Drawn by the notes of the harp and the delicious voice of the singer, they now crowded to the music-room, filling it to suffocation.

In a short pause of her singing, Vivia turned to Austin and whispered,

"Theodora cannot bear this close air, she is already drooping, take her out through the conservatory into the garden. I will join you there as soon as I can get free."

Austin stooped and proposed this plan to Theodora, who immediately arose, gave him her hand, and permitted him to take her away. The attention of the company was fortunately concentrated upon Vivia, and so the shy and suffering girl was enabled to escape without drawing curious observation to her misfortune. They passed out of the music-room into the conservatory, and down through a lane, bordered each side with terrace above terrace, filled with the rarest and most beautiful exotics, yet scarcely paused to admire them, for their rich aroma, delicious as it was, was too oppressive for the delicate girl already half-fainting for pure fresh air. Through the opposite end of the conservatory they emerged into the garden.

"Will you walk or sit?" inquired Austin, leading her towards an arbor.

"I prefer to walk awhile. Nay," she added, looking up and smiling, and then quickly dropping her eyes, while a rosy flush suffused her cheek—"you must not look so distressed, Austin. Motion is not painful to me. It is only unpleasant to feel the eyes of strangers following me when I try to walk, that is all."

"Since motion does not give you pain then, dear Theodora, mind nothing else connected with this calamity. Only believe that your friends love you better than ever for the beautiful patience it has developed in your soul. And for myself, dear Theodora, believe that it is my heart's dearest hope to be able to shield you from every possible uneasiness."

"Basil! Basil! I have been looking for you everywhere! Oh! is it you, Mr. Malmaison? I beg your pardon! I thought when I saw you walking so confidentially with Dora that it was my brother," said Helen Wildman, suddenly breaking upon them—"where is he, Dora? Do tell me! It is time for me to go home!"

"I am sure I do not know, Helen. I have not seen your brother this whole evening."

"Indeed! why! how is that? have you had a quarrel?" asked Helen, in a dozen exclamations, and with a look of unbounded astonishment—that, taken with her previous words and her whole manner, very much perplexed and troubled Austin.

"No, we have not quarrelled, of course. What make you talk so, Helen?" answered Theodora, in amazement.

"Fickle, then? or capricious? Well! Mr. Malmaison, *will* you be so kind as to go and look up my brother; I will stay here and take care of Dora until you come," said Helen. Austin bowed, and went to do her bidding.

In the meantime Vivia, having finished her third song, resigned her place at the harp to Mrs. Malmaison, and came out to join her friends. She came up just as Austin had left. Her presence was a check upon Helen's eccentricities, and therefore a signal blessing to Theodora. Austin soon returned, accompanied by Blaise, who seem-

in a very miserable mood, and looked suicide the unconscious circle, as he took Helen's arm within his own, bowed, and stalked away. When they were gone, Austin, with hesitation and reluctance, informed Theodora that Dr. Throgmorton's carriage was waiting, and that Mrs. Throgmorton had dispatched him to look for her niece. Theodora signified her wish to join her party, and they turned to re-enter the house.

"We need not traverse the whole suit of 'festive' apartments," said Vivia, laughing, "we can go along the back verandah, and enter the cloak room at once."

"Will you be rested sufficiently to drive out with Vivia and myself to-morrow afternoon, dear Theodora?" asked Austin, in taking leave at the door of the dressing-room.

"Of course she will," answered Vivia, as they bade him adieu and entered.

CHAPTER XXII.

ADVERSE POWERS.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed:
Time rules us all. And life indeed is not
The thing we planned it out, as hope was dead;
And then we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne, which it is hard to bear,
Much given away which it were sweet to keep
God help us all who need indeed His care,
And, yet I know the Shepherd loves His sheep.
—Calamus.

The next afternoon, the next after that, and many succeeding days of the pleasant summer weather, Austin came, accompanied by Vivia, to take Theodora out to ride in the little pony carriage. "Rose Garland exclaimed. "What a whim!" Mrs. Throgmorton declared "They are spoiling that girl," while the doctor had too heavy care upon his own mind to heed trifles, and Basil Wildman, on his part, seethed and fretted in silence, and Helen—bided her time.

Another, not the least interested in these affairs, Mrs. Malmaison, looked on quietly, never encouraging, never deterring her son or niece in any of their movements. When they brought Theodora to Sunset Hills, she welcomed her in an even, silvery tone of voice, which possessed as much music as could possibly exist separate from emotion.

But earlier than usual in the autumn she made preparations to return to Baltimore, and by the first of October her mansion was again closed for the winter.

The parting between Austin, Vivia and Theodora was cheerful, full of hope and promise. Austin was confident that his mother would come down with a large party, and keep Christmas in the country house, and that but little more than two months would pass before they should all meet again. And so with mutual kind wishes and gay hopes they separated—alas! when and how to gather again? The departure of Austin and of Vivia was the closing of a bright epoch in the life of Theodora. It is true that their absence was intended to last but a very short time, and that frequent letters lightened the heavy days, still many circumstances combined to darken and oppress the season.

Anxious care, that had long brooded over the countenance of the doctor, now clouded the faces of all the members of the family. There was a scarcity of money, a difficulty in getting credit, and frequent trouble from duns whom it was impossible to satisfy. Jane and Mary, the younger daughters, had reached an age when it became proper to remove them from school; but they were still permitted to remain there—the reason of their non-removal unspoken, but evident—the payment of their board and tuition bills had been put off from term to term, and they were now understood to be deferred for final settlement until the removal of the pupils. And as the family were not in funds to meet the payments, the two young ladies were left a sort of honorable hostage, with which, by the way, the gentle sisterhood would have made no difficulty in parting.

Affairs were in this uncomfortable condition until about the middle of November, when Theodora received a letter from Austin, telling her that his mother had suddenly decided to go to Paris with all her family for the winter; that he was more disappointed than he could express, in not being able to come down and spend Christmas near her; that nothing but the suddenness of Mrs. Malmaison's movements would have prevented him from running down to take leave of her in person, instead of writing that letter which, he said, was written on the eve of their voyage. He finished by assuring her of his devoted affection, and expressing an earnest hope that they should meet early in the spring. Theodora wept long over this letter before she could see to read that of Vivia, which accompanied it. Vivia's epistle was as affectionate and cheerful as herself. She expressed her great regret at their mutual disappointment and separation, but bade Theodora "stand fast in the faith" that they would have a joyful meeting the next spring. And in the meantime she charged her with a commission—not to let Wakefield grow discontented and depressed in her absence.

And, by the way, in writing her adieu to Wakefield, Vivia had also said very much the same thing in effect—namely, that he must not leave Theodora to fade and droop in the confinement of her home, but must take one of his sisters and go and draw her out for a quiet walk or ride. Thus giving her friends in charge of each other, she sought to provide in her absence for their welfare. Doctor Throgmorton also received letters from Mrs. Malmaison, speaking of her impending voyage, and the uncertain length of her absence, and giving instructions as to the conducting of her two estates of Mount Storm and Sunset Hills. If this mail brought sorrow to Theodora, it certainly seemed to bring nothing but gladness to the other members of the family.

Doctor Throgmorton moved as if a great weight had been lifted from his mind, and he looked like a criminal reprieved from immediate death and enjoying a reasonable hope of a final exemption from execution. But not until the arrival, three days later, of the next mail, with the New York papers containing the news of the sailing of the steamer, with the list of her passengers, among whom were the names of "Mrs. Malmaison, Mr. Malmaison, Miss Laglorieuse, and two servants," did he look as if he felt a full pardon had arrived. And now the doctor stepped about, a free, active, busy, hopeful man. And his new cheerfulness was reflected in the faces of all his family.

It was in something less than a month from the departure of the Malmaisons, that the doctor announced to his family his intention of selling out his property in Maryland, and emigrating to Texas. Great as was the astonishment—I had nearly said the shock—of this intelligence, it was, when once fairly understood, entirely approved. Mrs. Throgmorton, worn out with long efforts to preserve a factitious gentility, was not unwilling to go to some new place where there was no necessity for "keeping up appearances. And Rose Garland, and also her young sisters, when they came to hear of the plan, were all agog for the novelty of a long journey, and a change of country.

But Theodora! Every one seemed to forget her, even when commencing the preliminary measures for their breaking up and removal. Theodora did not even know whether she were expected to accompany them, or any arrangement was to be made for her remaining behind. And she was much too diffident to intrude her personal interests upon the notice of the busy and excited family. The doctor succeeded in disposing of a portion of his property on very advantageous terms. Their most troublesome creditors were satisfied, and the young ladies school bills paid.

Jane and Mary came out from the Convent like birds from a cage, all eager for a further flight, and lent their aid most zealously to hasten preparations for departure. These girls, respectively seventeen and nineteen years of age, would have been known anywhere in that neighborhood, from their strong family likeness, as the sisters of Rose Garland. They had her embonpoint, her clear red and white complexion, her bright yellow hair, and her merry blue eyes, and looked scarcely younger than their blooming sister. Their fresh young spirits put quicksilver into the jaded limbs of the wearied family, so rapidly from the moment of their arrival did the work of pulling down and packing up go on. The time fixed for leaving Mount Storm was the first of the ensuing January. It was now the middle of December, but two weeks remained, and no word had been spoken to Theodora relative to her destiny.

Basil Wildman continued to be a frequent visitor at Mount Storm. But he remained as awkward, timid and tongue-tied as ever; contented to sit silent a whole evening in the parlor, if Theodora were only in his sight, but anxious and restless if she were invisible, and off and away the moment after he had ascertained there was no hope of her appearance.

Helen remonstrated with him upon the subject of his self-doubt and hesitation.

"Only two weeks left till they all leave Mount Storm, and you have not proposed to Theodora yet!"

"Well, I can't help it. There has been no opportunity. There has always been a room full of people when I have gone there to see her."

"And there always will be, of course; you must make an opportunity. Go and ask to see her, and I warrant an uninterrupted interview."

"Oh! I couldn't! never! it would scare her, the little, shrinking creature!"

"Not a bit of it! besides, supposing it did? She would get over it, I reckon."

"And then I should'nt know what to say to her no more than a—than a—"

"Than a Basil Wildman! you can't go beyond *that* for an illustration of stupidity. Why don't you read plays, and learn how to make love. But what's the use of talking? You never would study to improve your mind. A fine cultivated companion Theodora will have in you!"

"Now don't, Helen! don't! you know I never had time to study," replied poor Blaise, in perfect good faith.

"No, but you have had time enough to go up to Eyrie, and play cards, and lose money. A fine provider, Theodora will find in you."

"Oh! don't Helen, don't! I never will touch another card after I get her."

"But you will *never* get her, if you don't ask her."

"I would if I could get the chance—"

"*Make* a chance!"

"And know what to say—"

"I'll tell you—I'll give you a chance of a dozen different ways of putting the question from my own experience."

"*Why!* did *you* ever pop the question, *Nelly?*" exclaimed *Blaise*, divided between incredulity and amazement.

Helen laughed—"No! but I have had it put *to* me a score of times. *Hem-m-m!* Now, listen! and learn, how other young gentlemen in your circumstances get through the difficulty. My first admirer, was Mr. William Jones, the grocer's clerk at Eyrie—and teacher in the Sunday-school—you may have heard of him?"

"I shouldn't wonder if I had! Well?"

"He waited on me home from church on Easter Sunday. I was riding Kit. He rode up to my side, and rode on silently for a long time. Then when we got almost home, he suddenly *hemmed!* and said—'Miss Helen, you cannot have mistaken the object of my visits to Red Ridge, for the last two months. I have little else to offer, but the heart of an humble Christian who loves you truly—will you accept it?' Of course I will, and thank you too, Mr. Jones, said I—just stick it full of cloves, bottle it up in alcohol, label it as aforesaid, and forward it to me with the next consignment of groceries for Red Ridge. I shall prize it as the greatest of treasures, and the rarest of curiosities! He never spoke to me again."

"I should think not," exclaimed *Blaise*, indignantly.

"My next adorer was Mr., or by courtesy, *Dr.* Kernan, the druggist, at Eyrie. I think Mr. Jones and him, must have hunted in couples, their manner of proceeding was so much alike. It was in the Christmas holidays, and in our own little parlor, that one evening just before taking leave of me, he 'screwed his courage to the sticking place,' and retaining my hand for a moment, said—'Miss Helen, you are doubtless aware of—the purpose of my coming here. In a word, I have a new house nearly completed—will you honor me by becoming its lady?' Hem! that depends upon the size, situation and appointments of the mansion. If you mean the 'sweet home' over the assafœtida and ipecac shop, pray permit me to decline the preferment? *He permitted me.*"

"I should think so, and thanked you, too. I know I should; you're enough to—enough to—"

"To what? My conscience! I think it is an unpardonable piece of assurance in any man to propose to a young girl, unless she has given him some reason for believing that his proposals will be acceptable to her," exclaimed Helen, with a high fling of her little head.

"There, now! that's just it, that's just the way I feel about risking speaking to Theodora. She has never given me the least encouragement," said Blaise in a tone of misery.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A clerk at Stewart's (New York) last week, committed suicide by stabbing himself with the points of his shirt collars. His effects, consisting of two pots of hair oil and a guitar, were forwarded to his aunt in Mercer street. A verdict of justifiable homicide was rendered by the jurymen.

☞ A few weeks back, a gentleman at Brussels was amusing himself with his wife and infant son in an upper room, when his wife playfully took the child to an open window and pretended to throw him out. In an instant, her babe escaped from her hold, and was precipitated to the ground from the fourth story, and killed on the spot.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$5,00 a year.
8 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
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Persons residing in British North America must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Z. B. P. We are obliged to you for your kindly interest in ourselves and the Post—and your friendly expression of it.

J. W. H. The books published within the last few years upon Poultry, are generally so full of the Shanghai Humbug that we know not any one to recommend.

J. E. The poem is respectfully declined—though we liked portions of it.

LOVE. Hardly striking enough we fear.

THE GARDEN IN APRIL.

A busy month for gardeners is this same month of April, 1856. The sun shines warm, and softest breezes blow from the south, and all the garden work, so long delayed, now lies outspread before us, each and every item pleading to be done at once. Oh, for forty pairs of hands to keep pace with the rapid never-resting march of the season! For Spring at last is here, in real presence, fresh and strong as a young man to run a race; and night and day, while we wake and while we sleep, is the ever working laboratory of nature evolving its wonders. The Maple buds are bursting their sheaths, the Poplar is tasseled off with pendant purple catkins, the tulip and hyacinth and crocus are piercing the soft mould, and as we bend above the flower beds, a fragrance, delicious and unmistakable, comes floating by, which sets us to searching for violets. And here they are, close to the ground, the sweeter that they must be sought.

Fanny Kemble's Diary in America speaks of her delight at finding a violet in the woods, but it proved to be utterly scentless, and she "threw the little purple cheat away in a rage." We have some sympathy with her vehemence of feeling, as we should have with the indignation of the sanguine wooer, who, trusting in the lovely theory that beauty is the flowering of virtue, finds, on close acquaintance, that his fair one, like Pope's women, "has no character at all."

The pansies, too, in sheltered places, are beginning their long season of bloom. The common varieties, the Johnny-jump-ups, that "never say die," are our favorites. Have you never, on a mild day in mid-winter, ventured shivering into the garden, and surveying the desolate flower-beds, found a single pansy lifting up its sunny face, and breathing out a faint, just perceptible perfume on the frosty air? Dear little hardy things! smiling up in your face so bravely at the smallest encouragement. Of all flowers, they are to us the plainest type of cheerfulness, that homely virtue which, as life advances, and pleasures fly, and sorrows thicken about our way, becomes more and more incumbent upon us, as dutiful children of God, receiving good and evil alike from His beloved hand.

Pansies are true lovers of the light. It is a rule with gardeners to plant them where they may enjoy the earliest and fullest rays of the morning sun. Whoever has seen a flourishing bed of pansies in full bloom basking in the sunshine, will understand our partiality. It is a brighter sight than a tulip-bed with all its gorgeous coloring, as happiness is better to look upon than splendor. Every individual blossom looks full into the eye of day, radiating joy and brightness like the most beamingly expressive human countenance.

How much of the charm of a garden is in the happy living things it shelters! Large red-breasted robins hop about the lawn, or pour forth gushes of liquid sweetness from some invisible perch; blue-birds flit from tree to tree, startling from the children exclamations of delight as the sun glances on their beautiful plumage; little brown wrens, plump and brisk and cheery, cluster in the bushes, chattering like a bevy of sociable gossips.

Clear skies are welcome prompters to out door work, but pleasant too are the warm spring rains, especially when they come at night. Our little Charlie, who is often unconsciously poetical from his sensitive organization and fine perceptions, listening, half awake, to the soft continuous dropping of the April rain, said dreamily, "it goes pitter patter on the window and makes the little baby sleep."

We have had so much open weather that the children live out of doors, as they do in the long bright days of summer, eat their lunch running, like the chickens, and grow brown and red as so many gypsies. The ground is so dry that they have the whole freedom of the garden for their carts and hoops and wheelbarrows. If you want to see the distinctions in children's character clearly defined, watch them at their play. Little Fred often reminds us of one of those beautiful portraits that Mrs. Norton has given us of her three boys—the one whom she addresses as

"Last and least,
Nicknamed the Emperor by the laughing brothers,
Because a haughty spirit swelled thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others,
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile

"And oh, most like a regal child wert thou!
An eye of resolute and successful scheming,
Fair shoulders, curling lip, and dauntless brow,
Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dreaming.
And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread."

This same wilful little Fred the other day annexed his brother's precious rocking horse, and stood on the defensive, his small figure drawn up defiantly, his black eyes flashing, and his sunny head thrown back with an imperial toss, as a lion shakes his mane; breaking forth at the same time with a vehement declaration of rights, of which nothing was intelligible but "Mine 'orse!" The contrast between his magnificent air and his baby speech was so ludicrous, the picture was so splendid and yet so funny, that we postponed doing justice, for once taking pleasure before business.

But the injured party must be brought to see it as a joke, too; so, with an arm around his waist, we softly drew his attention to the striking points of the picture, and thanks to his quick perceptions and gentle heart, succeeded perfectly. His feelings underwent a sudden revolution, a beautiful smile broke over his face, dispersing the last vestige of wrath, and with a loving, merry "Ha! ha! what a funny boy!" the whole trouble was over.

To the children of this generation, steam is the wonder of wonders, and no play so fascinating as a mimic railroad. Through the power of imagination anything will pass for cars, and they themselves delight to personate the iron horse, with his fiery eye and appalling snort and resistless tread. The train puffs and whizzes along the gravel walk, and startles blue-eyed baby May, asleep in her basket-coach, beneath the trees.

Core, a thoughtful child of six, very much given to propounding questions which all the philosophy of the schools could not fathom, asked, with a countenance solemn enough to suit the dilemma proposed, "If there was no place in all the world to walk but the track of the cars, would Jesus let them run over us?" Of course we declined speculating upon so stupendous an impossibility.

April is the busiest of seed times. Our little two year old Fred, watched us curiously while we emptied some flower seed from nice clean papers, and put it in the ground. "What do you put dirt on the pretty seed for?" he asked earnestly, as if that was strange treatment; and he pressed his unanswered question with a child's pertinacity, while we were thinking over the words of glorious St. Paul—

"That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die:
And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain:
But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body."

Truly the strangest conceivable thing, if it were not as old as the world—this miracle of life springing out of death. Would it not be the wildest freak of credulity, if our eyes had not beheld the wonder, to believe that from these plain, brown atoms of matter, differing so little from each other, could unfold the graceful, crimson-starred cypress vine, most aristocratic of flowers, the modest mignonette, with its spirit-like, far-reaching fragrance, the bright-eyed pansy, the superb carnation? If such beauty and sweetness, such perfection, are lavished upon the lilies of the field, how much more will the Lord clothe with grace and glory His own arisen children. "We know not yet what we shall be," but it thrills the inmost soul to find these luminous correspondences of nature chiming in with revelation, to assure us that "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the good things that God hath in store for them that love Him."

A NEW MOVE.

We are surprised to see that a bill has passed the House of Representatives of this State, doing away with some of the most important provisions of the License Bill recently enacted, so far as Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Allegheny cities, and Berks, Northampton, Lancaster, Monroe, Pike, Carbon, Luzerne, Montgomery and York counties are concerned. The bill reads as follows:

Be it enacted, &c., "That so much of the act of Assembly of this Commonwealth, entitled 'An Act to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors,' approved March 31st, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, as prohibits the granting of licenses to beer houses, be and the same is hereby repealed, so far as the same applies to the cities and counties named in the title.

Section 2. That from and after the passage of this act it shall be the duty of the Board of Licensers of the city and county of Philadelphia, and the cities of Pittsburg and Allegheny, and the Courts of Quarter Sessions of the counties named, upon the petition of twelve reputable citizens, to grant licenses to the keepers of beer houses in the said cities and counties, upon their giving bond, with warrant of attorney, in the sum of five hundred dollars, with the same condition as bonds required to be given by the venders of spirituous, vinous, malt or brewed liquors in quantities less than one gallon by the act of Assembly entitled 'An act to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors,' and paying to the treasurer of said county, for the use of the Commonwealth, the sum of fifty dollars; and the certificate of the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions shall be the evidence of the granting of the same.

Section 3. That the twenty-seventh section of the act of Assembly, entitled 'an act to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors,' approved March 31st, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, and all laws inconsistent with this act, be and the same are hereby repealed so far as the provisions of said sections apply to the cities of Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Allegheny, and the counties named."

Now it is sufficient to urge in opposition to this bill, that it is an instance of special and unfair legislation. If its provisions be *bad*, there is no reason for singling out the above cities and counties for such an infliction; while, if they be *good*, justice demands that good things should be allowed to go round. For this reason alone, we trust the Senate will refuse to concur with the House—and if it should so concur, we hope the Governor will refuse his assent.

It will be noticed that the above bill absolutely *requires* the license to be granted upon the petition of "twelve reputable citizens"—and without any regard to the number of licenses applied for. Further, though it purports to be an act to license "*beer* houses," we do not perceive that these "*beer*" houses are to be restricted to selling that article, but are to have full liberty also to deal in other fermented, as well as in the maddening distilled liquors.

Now while, for our part, we should not object to the licensing of a *reasonable* number of houses, confined *strictly* to the sale of common and lager beer—we do object decidedly to this reckless bill; and can only excuse its supporters on the ground that they purposely made it too bad to pass the Senate, or to receive the Governor's signature, in order to do no injury to the cause of good morals, at the same time that they pleased a certain class of their political friends.

With one amendment however, we are perfectly willing that even the above bill should pass into a law. We mean an amendment submitting it to the decision of the voters of the cities and counties named. If a majority of the people in any of those cities and counties, will say they desire such a law, then in the name of all that is pernicious, let them have it. But do not foist it upon any of those communities, without a direct vote of the majority in its favor.

☞ George G. Foster, author of "New York by Gaslight," and several other volumes, and recently editor of the Daily Times, of this city, died at his residence in South Ninth Street, on Wednesday, the 16th inst. He was the writer at one time of the "city items" of the N. Y. Tribune, attracting attention by the light and fanciful character of his reports.

NAILED TO THE COUNTER.

We suppose it is only natural that as a man advances in life, he should grow more and more averse to mere personal controversy. For our own part, we confess it is only with reluctance that we now-a-days take up our pen to answer a personal attack, to vindicate our motives, or to correct a slander. Nor would we ever condescend to such a course, were it not that there is nothing the meaner classes of creatures so much delight in, as to attack, and to repeat attacks, in proportion as there is no resistance.

The case that we unfortunately have now upon our hands is one of this character. Assailed vindictively and unscrupulously, we have had no choice but to defend ourselves—or else lay ourselves open to the continued assaults and misrepresentations of one who is base enough to act upon the vile maxim—"throw plenty of dirt, and some will stick."

In a recent number, we alluded to the fact that the editor referred to, had openly intimated that his present effort to injure us, was in revenge for our course some years since, in vindication of the pecuniary rights of the widow and orphans of his late partner. As he himself had brought this old subject upon the carpet, we could do no less than justify our course in that matter. He appears to be so well satisfied with that justification, as to decline any further argument in relation to it—in which he shows some little dawning of wisdom.

Even the brazen impudence of our contemporary has no answer to our exposure of his contemptible and repeated misquotations of our language. He knows that this is a matter which the world could easily satisfy itself upon—and perhaps it has further struck his stagnant brain, that it is the very depth of folly and donkeyism, for a paper with such a limited circulation to attempt to lie down one with ten times the number of readers.

Cornered as he is thus at all points—and conscious that his contemptible, mad-dog cry of "abolition print," "abolition print," will avail him nothing with those who know what our paper really is—he has descended even to a lower depth of meanness. He has had the baseness to enter that vestibule of private life, the sanctity of which men of the smallest pretension to honor invariably respect, and drag before the world the one sad and unhappy event of our youthful days. Fifteen years have now elapsed since we requested to be released, and were released, from a marriage engagement we had contracted with a young lady of this city. We shall enter upon no defence of our course in that matter—for, whether susceptible or not of vindication, as individuals probably would differ—it is not a thing to be argued and defended in the columns of a public paper, especially after an interval of fifteen years. But we feel it no shame upon this occasion to say, that if to any error of ours, either in whole or in part, any after suffering of that lady is fairly to be attributed, no one can mourn it more deeply and sincerely than ourself. Looking upon that engagement as we do at this distance of time, as simply an unhappy indiscretion, resulting from the too great haste and over-confidence of youth, not the less do we deeply repent it, and hold ourselves ready, now as always, to make such atonement as is within the compass of our power.

But, for the wretch who has thus dared, for his own selfish purposes, to lay his unhallowed hands upon the sacred privacies of our life, we have nothing but scorn, loathing and contempt. We should despise ourself, did we not utterly despise him. He has struck a coward's blow, and it will recoil upon himself. For unless we are much mistaken, there is a chivalry and magnanimity in the hearts of the American people—North and South—which will not tolerate such gross intermeddling with the private relations of any man.

NICARAGUA.—Whatever may be the extent of the recent discomfiture of Walker's forces by the Costa Ricans, it is evident that the latter were too much for the Filibusters. The indications now are that Walker will sooner or later have to leave Nicaragua. It speaks somewhat for the good sense of the people of this generation, that not one of these Filibuster enterprises has so far been attended with other than the most disastrous failure. If Walker and his men are once fairly beaten, the only thing probably that will save their lives will be successful flight. Those mixed races of Spanish and Indians are not the most magnanimous people under the sun.

As to the force enlisted against Walker, Costa Rica has eight thousand men, and Guatemala three thousand. What forces San Salvador and Honduras can bring into the field is not stated.—The Costa Ricans are filling up the San Juan river on their borders, by sinking trees in the channel, in order to prevent the transportation of troops to Walker. They will attack Walker on the south. Carrera, with the Honduras troops, will attack him on the north, while Puenta Arenas, on the Pacific, is said to be strongly fortified.

CHURCH PROPERTY.—The property of the Church in Mexico is said to be worth $400,000,000—the most of it doubtless obtained by working upon the superstitious fears of the people, and all free of taxation. We perceive that President Comonfort, taking advantage of the fact that the priesthood had incited the recent rising at Puebla, has ordered the sequestration to public uses of the property of the Church at that place,—exceeding, it is said, $40,000,000. The Archbishop threatened excommunication, but the commandant went with an armed force to the Cathedral and seized the records and evidences of property deposited there. If Comonfort has the nerve for actions like this, and the people the good sense to support him, Mexico may at last have found the Man for the Hour.

MOUNT VERNON.—From an article signed "A Southern Matron, President of the Mount Vernon Association *of the Union*," published in the *Inquirer* of this city, it appears that the present movement in relation to Mount Vernon, is to collect $200,000 to hand over to the State of Virginia, for which sum Mr. Washington will transfer Mount Vernon to Virginia, with the proviso that Virginia is never to alienate the fee-simple of the whole or any portion of the property.

MR. DALLAS IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Dallas has been received with many evidences of good will by the English Ministry and people. The request for the sending out of a couple of vessels to search for the Pacific, was forwarded by him from an American merchant in London, and was granted immediately by Lord Palmerston. The *London Times* has been growling a little more lately—but then the *Times* thrives upon excitements.

QUERIES. A correspondent wishes some one to inform him whether the seed of the apple will produce the same kind of an apple; what time to cut timber to make it last long; how to make nerve and bone liniment, British oil and Gray's ointment? As to the first query, there is no certainty in anything but grafting. As to the others, we must leave the answers to those who know better.

THE NEW FORM.—At least nine out of ten, perhaps nineteen out of twenty, of the letters received from subscribers since the enlargement and new form, have spoken favorably of the change. To show how many of our readers appreciate the Post, we may quote the following from Dr. M. K. W., of Overman's Ferry, Iowa:

We think it is now a better paper in every respect, and although in its former form it did not come *quite* up to my individual conception of what a newspaper (to suit me) should be, yet I must say that now the niche or void is filled, and the Post exactly adapts itself to my "beau ideal" of newspaper excellency. My wife says: "The Post now and forever;" and I say *ditto* emphatically. To use a Yankee-Irish expression, if I live, I guess you may reckon me a lifetime patron and friend.

The following comments of J. T. H., of Jackson, Miss., may be given as a sample of a great number:—

I will here take occasion to say that I think you deserve credit and an increased patronage for the happy change you have made in the form of the Post.

We also continue to receive favourable notices from our brethren of the press. For such recent notices we are indebted to "The Ovid Bee," "The Oneida Sachem," "The Niagara Times," "The Columbus Journal," "The Gospel Banner," "The Liberty Sentinel," "The North Star," "The Whitewater Gazette," "The Cayuga Sachem," "The Hillsboro Herald," "The Janesville Messenger," "The Iowa Reporter," and "The Independent Examiner." A number of others, whose names are not now before us, also have noticed the Post in very favourable terms—the recent enlargement and change of form, meeting nearly the unanimous approval of our contemporaries.

THE WAKEMANIERS.—The trial of these fanatics at New Haven, has resulted in their acquittal—the Attorney General throwing up the case, their insanity being clearly evident. They will be sent to the Insane Asylum.

GROUND AND UNGROUND FEED.

Friends Deacon & Peterson: I observed, in looking over your interesting paper, in one of the March numbers, an article by a writer giving his experience on ground corn for cattle and hogs. I will subscribe to the experience of my brother farmer, but will go no further with ground feed. I had a neighbor thirty years ago, who kept about twenty horses; he went in for the ground feed, until experience taught him otherwise; his horses would frequently cloy on the feed, were subject to colic, sore shoulders, &c., and frequently rendered unable for service, which led him to inquire the cause. He at once abandoned grinding his corn, and commenced soaking it, cut his straw and hay, and mixed with it. I have adopted his plan, beginning when the corn becomes hard to soak it, and have pursued the course ever since. My horses are always in good condition, are free from colic and sore shoulders, and never get tired of their feed. I recommend every one to try the experiment for themselves. Experience is the best teacher.

Paulsboro, N. J. GLOUCESTER FARMER.

CROPS IN PENNSYLVANIA.—The fall crops in this county (Venango county, Pa.,) look exceedingly well as far as can be seen for snow, which still covers the ground on the north sides of the hills. The fruit trees are damaged very much by the excessive cold we ather of the past winter; the peach, plum, quince, and cherry trees are about all frozen, the bark being quite black to within about four or six inches of the ground; our fruit growers think that by cutting the trees off where they are green, they will send up new scions and produce fruit sooner than it can be raised again from the seed. R. S. P.

April 8, 1856.

TANNING SKINS.—*Mr. Editor:* If one of your subscribers would communicate a method of tanning skins with the hair on, it would oblige many of our Western farmers who have lost calves and colts by hundreds, and who would then be able to provide themselves with a cheap substitute for buffalo robes. Softness and pliancy are the great difficulties amongst our tyros in the tanner's art.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE LAGER BEER BILL DEFEATED.—In the Senate, the bill to license lager beer houses was taken up, and after debate was negatived—yeas 9, nays 10, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Creswell, Evans, Ingram, Laubach, McClintock, Straub, Walton, Welsh and Wilkins.

Nays—Messrs. Brown, Crabb, Ferguson, Flenniken, Gregg, Hoge, Jamison, Jordan, Knox, Lewis, Mullinger, Pratt, Price, Sellers, Shuman, Souther, Taggart, Wherry and Platt, Speaker.

The bill to repeal the twenty-seventh section of the license law was then taken up, and after debate negatived—yeas 10, nays 19. The vote was the same as upon the lager beer bill, with the addition of Mr. Buckalew, to those voting in the affirmative.

THE STEAMSHIP PACIFIC.—New York, April 23.—The following despatch has been received here:

"Provincetown, Cape Cod.—A bottle has drifted ashore to-day, containing the following words:

"Off Grand Bank—Steamer Pacific

"Masts gone—steamer out of order—send assistance immediately. ASA ELDRIDGE."

The presumption is that this is a hoax, as if Captain Eldridge could have written and bottled a despatch, he would certainly have made it more explicit.

☞ Lord Peterborough remarked that if an English lawyer is in danger of starving in a market town or village, he invites another, and both thrive!

☞ THE SPECULATOR'S MOTTO.—Fortune can make me lose—but she cannot make me pay.

☞ ST. VITUS'S DANCE.—The Dental News Letter reports a case of St. Vitus's dance cured by the extraction of eight stumps of decayed teeth.

☞ A traveller in Africa declares that he met one king who had eleven portly wives, all of whom were weighed monthly, the one that weighed the most being invariably installed mistress of the household until the time of the next weighing.

☞ An essay upon "American Young Ladies" appears in the first number of the Waverly Journal—a new periodical, published in Edinburgh—which represents them as the *Alpha* and *Omega* of refinement and elegance. "The New York young lady," says the essayist, "is the embodiment of style; she shows what can be done for the raw material by cultivation. We doubt if a Spanish woman walks better, if a French woman dresses better, if an English woman can show more accomplishments, than the best trained and most successful specimens of the New York young lady."

☞ A young gentleman out West committed suicide in a very novel manner last week. He ate a pint of dried apples, and then drank water till he bursted. The rash act was caused by his father's forbidding him to grease his moustache with the butter-knife. The young ladies in crowds and tears attended his funeral.

☞ "That's a flame of mine," as the bellows said to the fire.

New Publications.

PHYSIOLOGY AND CALISTHENICS, for Schools and Families. By CATHARINE E. BEECHER. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We cannot too highly commend this little book to the attention of parents and teachers—to all who have the care of youth. Miss Beecher writes earnestly, and studies brevity and comprehensiveness. She succeeds in compressing a great deal of important information into a small compass. The most novel and noticeable portion of the book is the chapter on "Calisthenics for the School, Family, and Health Establishments." These are clearly and amply illustrated, so that any one can practise them, as they do not, like Gymnastics, require a separate building and apparatus. We copy, with hearty wishes for the success of the plan, the following chapter of

ENCOURAGEMENT TO ADOPT THIS COURSE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING IN SCHOOLS.

The author wishes it were possible to present all that she has learned or observed that would prove the benefits of the method here set forth. But only a few hints can be attempted.

First, then, all allow that *exercise in pure air* promotes health and the perfect development of the body.

Next, in all those countries where physical training has been made a part of school culture, there has been such improvement of health, strength and beauty, as fully to establish the value of such a course.

Next, it is generally conceded that the children and youth of this country, during the period of school, college, and professional education, have *relatively* too much stimulus of the brain and nerves, and too little training of the physical system.

Next, experience in our schools and colleges proves, that unless such training is made *imperative as a school duty*, it will be neglected; especially by those who need it the most. For the more the body is enervated, the more does exercise become irksome.

Next, the author has known cures performed in health establishments and elsewhere, by means of these exercises, in connection with a strict enforcement of the laws of health, very much greater than anything she has ever known effected by any method of medical treatment. Headaches, dyspepsia, all varieties of nervous diseases, lung and liver complaints, local diseases and weakness, and a great variety of deformities, have been remedied by this method. Great changes also have been made by these exercises in the size, figure, and graceful carriage, not only of the young, but of men and women, and some of them over forty years of age.

The following testimony from medical writers is abridged from an introduction to a work containing the system of *Ling*, the author of the celebrated Swedish course of Gymnastics and Calisthenics.

Were these exercises made an *indispensable* part of *school* as well as family education, many diseases consequent on constitutional debility, or neglect, or abuse, would be prevented. And thus, *through our free schools, the number of the infirm and ailing poor would be diminished.*

The art of *preventing* disease is surely superior to the art of curing it. Galen, the celebrated ancient physician, declared him to be the best physican who was the best teacher of gymnastics.

Gymnastics not only give fulness and strength to the muscles, but they increase force, flexibility, and dexterity of movement, and thus contribute to grace of person and skill in the use of the hands and other limbs.

Gymnastics, by opening the chest, and increasing the size and action of the lungs, give a tone and vigor to the whole organism. Debility, scrofula, rickets, and various deformities can thus be remedied.

Obesity, or an excess of fat, is almost certainly removed by such exercises. So a weak digestion, diseases of the liver, tendencies to dropsy, are all remedied by the increased activity of the muscles, and the consequent increased power of digestion.

Gymnastics, by increasing the circulation of the blood in the skin, renders its complicated system more active in carrying off the seeds of disease, while its nerves become less impressible to heat and cold, and other changes in the atmosphere.

Gymnastics, as above remarked, have a most direct influence on the organs of digestion. The equilibrium between food and waste is re-established, sleep becomes regular, the senses are sharpened, and all the faculties invigorated.

In the commencement of consumption, in piles, and in other abdominal diseases, the gymnastic exercises are important means of cure. So in nervous debility, hysterics, and the evils of too early puberty.

It is known that scrofula often disappears with the use of gymnastics. Franke, the physician, says, "We daily see many children with large stomachs, and constipation of the intestines, cured as soon as they begin to walk and run about in the open air."

Galen says, "If diseases take hold *of* particular parts of the body, there is nothing more sure to drive them out than diligent exercise." Herodicus, a celebrated ancient teacher cured himself and many others of disease by gymnastics. Galen, who, at thirty, was weak, became strong and healthy by devoting several hours a day to gymnastics.

Several other ancient wise men, with Lord Bacon among the moderns, are quoted as declaring gymnastics to be almost a universal medicine; because there is no disease whose further development could not be prevented, or which at its commencement could not have been cured by bodily exercise."

But the effect of gymnastics on the body is not their chief benefit. Says Montaigu, "It is the soul, and not the body alone, which we educate, and we must not train the one without the other."

Plato, that wisest of the ancient philosophers, says, "Excess of bodily exercise may render us wild and unmanageable, but excess of arts, science, and music makes us faddled and effeminate. Only the *right combination* makes the soul wise and manly." The great Hofeland advises that children, till the seventh year, spend most of their time in bodily exercises in the open air.

"If young children are compelled to sit quietly in a room, and their young minds urged to action, we *take from the noblest part of their strength and consume it in the function of thinking.* Thus growth is retarded, the limbs imperfectly developed, the muscles weakened, the digestion becomes bad, scrofula perhaps appears, and then ensues a great predominance of the nervous system. Any *unequal* development of our faculties is injurious, and it is certain the mental exertions weaken the more they are unaccompanied by bodily movements. It is also certain that those who, *between their mental occupations, go through suitable bodily exercises, can work mentally much more than those who neglect this exercise of their bodily powers.*

"Gymnastics act on the courage, and produce independence and presence of mind. No man can possess much courage whose chest is narrow, and whose lungs are not fully developed.

"Gymnastics produce cheerfulness and regulate fancy and imagination. They also diminish a predisposition to moral faults that undermine health and bodily purity."

Gymnastics strengthen the intellectual faculties. Says a distinguished writer: "If you wish to develope the mind of a pupil, exercise his body; make him healthy and strong that you may make him prudent and reasonable."

Exercise assists the intellect by a suitable interruption to mental labor. Uninterrupted mental exertion makes the mind heavy and dull, and gives it a false direction.

The invigoration of the body by exercise diminishes the craving of the taste for sensual pleasures. Rousseau says, "All sensual passions are found in effeminate bodies, while the more are roused the less they are satisfied. A body weakens also the mind."

Generous regard for the common good, and willingness to make sacrifices for it, are most fully developed in a strong and healthy body. On the feeble and sickly who are dwelling with fond solicitude on themselves and their ailments.

The feelings of friendship and all the generous sympathies are promoted by gymnastics practised in concert with others, as also is a love of order and precision, and a habit of obedience."

Says the great Hufeland, "Give a child sufficient muscular motion, so that the store of nervous strength may be turned to the muscles of volition. Let a child exercise daily and often in pure air, *till fatigue follows*, and I am sure he will not think of vicious practises. These are the attendants of sedentary education in boarding-schools and other monastic establishments, where exercise is measured only by half hours."

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE INSPECTORS OF THE EASTERN STATE PENITENTIARY OF PENNSYLVANIA. Transmitted to the Senate and House of Representatives, March 1856.

In the course of this report it is stated that "the number of prisoners receiving elementary instruction is large, and every effort is made by the Board of Inspectors to increase the opportunities for teaching those who are ignorant, have sufficient mental power to learn, and are willing to be instructed. The Inspectors have given much attention to this branch of the Discipline, and the best results have been realized. Many prisoners who could neither read nor write, at their reception, have been discharged able to read and write well. A library is established for the use of those who can avail themselves of its benefits, and the number of volumes is increasing; it is now over twenty-two hundred volumes.

"'The Philadelphia Society for alleviating the miseries of public Prisons,' founded in Philadelphia, at the latter part of the last century, devoting itself to the mental and moral improvement of convicts, has been of the most signal service since the opening of this Penitentiary, and some of its members are engaged faithfully and practically to promote the interests of the prisoners. From this and other sources of unostentatious benevolence, the Prison Library grows without cost to the public, and its benefits extend beyond the limits of the prisoner's confinement. * * *

"*The Inspectors feel it a duty again to call attention to the number of young offenders who have been received during the year. It is not necessary to repeat the views already expressed in former reports on this subject. The facts presented are sufficient to excite reflection on the causes of crime among the young. If any efforts can be made to operate as a prevention, they should not be withheld.*"

WILD WESTERN SCENES; A Narrative of Adventures in the Western Wilderness, wherein the Exploits of Daniel Boone, the great American Pioneer, are particularly described; also Accounts of Bear, Deer, and Buffalo Hunts—Desperate Conflicts with the Savages—Wolf Hunts—Fishing and Fowling Adventures—Encounters with Serpents, &c. New Stereotype Edition, altered, revised, and corrected. By J. B. Jones. Illustrated with Sixteen Engravings from Original Designs. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co.

TESTING AND HOPING; the Story of a Little Hunchback. By JENNY MARSH. New York: Derby & Jackson. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

An interesting and romantic story of domestic life.

Letters from England

NATIONAL INSTITUTION OF THE FINE ARTS, ENGLISH WATER COLORS, AND PRE-RAPHAELITE PAINTINGS IN FRANCE—DOINGS IN THE MUSICAL WORLD—A NEW STAR—PETITION FOR THE RIGHT OF HOLDING PROPERTY—THE MORMON EMBARKATION.

LONDON, March 28, 1856.

The National Institution of the Fine Arts now making its Ninth Annual display at the Portland Gallery, exhibits five hundred and seventy-five pictures, and gives to a stranger the opportunity of commencing an acquaintance with the works of English Artists. The Royal Academicians, however, reserve their works for their own exhibition in May—so that this is rather one of the democratic galleries, at which you make acquaintance with English artists en masse, and not with a few particular stars.

You pay as usual, one shilling (English) for admittance, and sixpence for a catalogue; and then you enter three moderate sized rooms, well lighted from above, each warmed according to English fashion, by a large coal fire, in an open fire-place, protected by a tall wire fender. The walls are closely hung with pictures, almost all small or of a very moderate size, consisting, with very few exceptions, of landscapes, and little scenes of every day life, a great proportion, well painted and pleasing—but none of them really grand and impressive in character, unless you may except a large landscape by Mr. Percy, entitled "Storm Gathering on Cader Iris." A wild mountain crowned with ominous clouds, whose gloomy shadows creep over the broad sheet of water in the foreground. On the bay cart fording the stream, the farmer's boys burying themselves in the hay, look up with awe at the coming storm. Among the rest, with the exception of a large picture of James Watt and the steam engine, which is not very successful, there is no instance of anything of very high character being even aimed at. There is a remarkable absence of Sacred, Historical, or Poetical subjects. Still you feel that you have had your shilling's worth of satisfaction out of a host of very pleasant little oil paintings, and of a few of those good water colors which are only to be seen in England, in the grain and coloring of which there is a peculiar charm. At the late French exhibition, with the exception of one Swiss artist, the English alone took Medals for water-color painting, and their gallery of this branch of art was exceedingly beautiful and interesting.

Their gallery of oil paintings attracted equal attention, though by no means equal admiration. The Pre-Raphaelite specimens which it included, were a source of unmingled astonishment to the French who crowded around them, and really did not know what to make of them. One of the best specimens was Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," of which Mr. Ruskin speaks so highly in his last volume of Modern Painters. It represented a tall figure, wrapped in long, bluish white drapery like a sheet, knocking at the door of a house, and holding in one hand a lighted lantern. Around the frame was engraved, according to the Pre-Raphaelite fashion, a verse of Scripture, in old-fashioned English type, the first letter of each word colored crimson. The picture had a sort of old world wonder about it, and no doubt merits of execution; but notwithstanding the praises bestowed by the great art critic, to the uninitiated it certainly was not an attractive painting, the face of the heavenly visitant being very cross and disagreeable, and the whole effect cold, stiff and peculiar.

But the most striking specimen of this school was a hideous picture of "Ophelia," by Millais; representing a little piece of water, surrounded by weeds, with a very ugly, ordinary-looking girl lying upon her back, with her mouth open, reminding one much more of the revolting description of a drowned girl in Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance," than of Shakspeare's poetical heroine. Everything imaginative or touching was carefully eschewed, but the weeds, the water and the rocks were so accurately and elaborately painted, that Albert Smith, who feels privileged to say witty things on every conceivable subject, says, in describing the sensation that it created in France, that at one o'clock, a geologist came with his class, and delivered a lecture on geology, illustrating from the rocks in the foreground; at two o'clock came a botanist with his class, and determined the order and species of every plant; at three o'clock came a mineralogist; and at four a natural philosopher lectured on the nature and effects of water, as displayed in this remarkable picture; but of Ophelia, nothing could be said but that drowned girls were very ugly objects. However, Pre-Raphaelitism seems to have gone through a modifying process since then; for at this exhibition in the Portland Gallery, it is only seen in a very mild form, and Holman Hunt has a landscape entitled "Summer Eve by Haunted Stream," which, with the exception of some rather mildewy-looking vapor is really pretty and poetic; and though very carefully painted, almost free from the elaborate hardness and stiffness, so distinctive of the earlier productions of the school of which he is one of the leading artists.

The concert given by Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt for the Nightingale fund was very successful, 2,000 tickets were sold at a guinea apiece, and as Madame Goldschmidt, munificent as usual, declined to deduct from the proceeds the expenses incurred, the sum presented to the fund amounted to nearly $10,000.

As the concert was got up in the most liberal style, with a band of choristers, a very large orchestra, and some of the most eminent performers in London, the expenses so generously paid by Madame Goldschmidt, must have amounted to at least one fourth of the sum. The high character of the performances, together with the public interest in the object in behalf of which it was given, has made it one of the most popular concerts of the season.

A new star in the musical world, a young, blind, Sardinian minstrel, of the name of Picco, is creating a great sensation by his performances upon a tiny instrument no larger than a child's penny whistle, with only three stops, and of the very rudest construction. Last December the Parisian journalists welcomed his appearance in their city, in glowing language, and this season he is meeting in London with equal success. He wears his picturesque native attire. A round hat with feathers, a coat trimmed with fur, and short breeches turned up at the knee. From his tiny instrument he produces a complete chromatic scale of three octaves, very clear, sweet and brilliant, and he improvises the most difficult pieces with wonderful skill and effect.

The English ladies are rivalling their sisters on the other side of the Atlantic, in their desire for a revision of the laws respecting the property of married women. A petition on this subject, signed by Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. Browning, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Gaskell, and nearly 3,000 other ladies, was presented by Lord Brougham a few days ago in the House of Lords, with a speech strongly in its favor. A similar petition was presented in the House of Commons by Sir Erskine Perry, accompanied by excellent remarks on the defective state of the English law on this matter.

The society for promoting the amendment of the law, of which Lord Brougham is President, have taken it up in good earnest, and propose to publish shortly a large volume, containing an account of all the laws of different lands relating to the property of women, and discussing the most desirable amendments to the present existing English law. It is said that numerous additional petitions will soon be sent in, and that vigorous measures will be taken to press the subject still farther on the attention of Parliament, as a reform is thought to be greatly needed.

As a contrast to this progressive movement, the Mormons are proselyting vigorously among the less educated portions of the community.

A few days ago, a large ship, called the Enoch Trail, sailed from Liverpool with 900 converts for Utah. They consisted of men, women and children of all ages, from the working classes; 800 were from Birmingham, and the scene at their embarkation is said to have been very affecting; the women, notwithstanding the constant admonitions and encouragements bestowed upon them by the saints, being filled with misgivings in regard to their future state.

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, April 4, 1856.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—I am again, an American in London, for the third time in my life; I might almost say a stranger in this great and mighty world of streets. For the few friends I have here are to the rest as a drop is to the Atlantic.

> "I sink a stranger in the crowded streets
> Of busy London. Some short bustle caused
> A few inquiries, and the crowds close in,
> And all's forgotten."

It seems to me that nothing is changed since I was here first near ten years since. The streets, the walls, the edifices, the people are unchanged. As usual when here, I live "in lodgings." This is a custom peculiarly English, and one I like very much. The bustle and vulgarity of a hotel are avoided and economy secured. For a very reasonable sum apartments with the use of plate and servants can be had, and then all you have to do is to send your servant for the raw material, paying for it of course yourself, and it is served up in your rooms. This allows you to live just as you please, and that too very cheaply and independently. But I will go back a little. I left New York in the ship *Canadian*, one of a new line of mail steamers to run from Montreal to Liverpool, and a beautiful craft in every respect. But we had the misfortune to break our machinery the third day out, and were at the mercy of the wind and waves. When near the Irish coast we were overtaken by a furious gale, and were forced either to put into a little out-of-the-way harbor or drift out to sea; so we chose the former, anchoring a mile and a-half from the village of Shull, a place some seventy miles south-west of Cork. A few of the passengers put off in a little boat for the shore. We walked to Shull and found it a singular village. It was composed of a succession of miserable mud huts, with the exception of two or three buildings. In them were men and women, pigs, poultry and cows, all eating, drinking and sleeping together. The streets were full of people, nearly all dressed wretchedly, and looking as if they were an inferior race of men. The Irish propensity for fighting showed itself at once, and I was reminded of Paddy at Donnybrook Fair, who wanted to know if any gentleman would be kind enough to step on the tail of his coat, that he might knock him down for it. One man put his fist in the face of another, and instantly three or four were fighting and tumbling headlong to the ground, and the police were among them. We went to the inn and took a pleasant dinner together, and then started back for the ship. On our way we passed the residence of the Episcopal clergyman, a very beautiful spot. We were told that his salary is nearly $2,500 a year, which makes his condition contrast strangely with that of his parishioners. Such contrasts in this country are the rule, not the exception, sorry am I to say.

We weighed anchor after two day's rest, and were fortunate enough to reach Liverpool in two more. The first thing which attracts the stranger's eye in Liverpool, is the magnificent docks. We have nothing like them in America. They are made as if to last a hundred centuries, and I presume they will, if Mother Earth holds out so long. We stayed but a few moments, and were then at the Lime Street Station for London. The train was ready with first and second class cars. The distance is two hundred and ten miles, and the price of passage is for first class about nine dollars, for second about seven. The first class cars are fitted up very luxuriously, and carry only six in each compartment, and there are only two or three compartments in a car. The second class cars are commodious enough, but they have no cushions. But this is obviated by wearing heavy shawls to sit upon. There is an adage here which runs as follows: "Princes and fools ride in first class cars." The bulk of the middle classes ride in the cheaper cars—and I did the same, for the same reason that they do, I presume—to save money. There is no system of checks for baggage on the English railways as on ours, and it is a great fault. Your baggage is generally put on the top of the carriage in which you ride, and the guard, who accompanies the train, sees to it, and if you are a stranger, is sure when you are at your journey's end to come to you and point it out. Trunks are not handled here as with us—more care is taken of them. Our ride to London, though so early in the spring, was very beautiful, for the landscape was like that of a park or garden.

And now that I am settled in London, I will tell you somewhat of the news. Of course, the great staple of conversation is the conclusion of Peace by the plenipotentiaries in Paris. There are loud professions of satisfaction at this result in many quarters, but it seems to me that the bulk of the English people are dissatisfied. In the first place there is some distrust as to the terms of the treaty of peace. But the people—the genuine John Bulls, feel chagrined at the reputation acquired in the war by the English army. But of one thing rest assured, notwithstanding the croaking of the American-Russian journals, that *the people of England* compelled the government into a war with Russia, in defence of outraged Turkey. Whatever the terms of the treaty may be, the intent of the war was good.

In the literary world, there is little doing of importance. Hepworth Dixon has given Macaulay a fresh castigation for alleged misstatements in reference to William Penn, and the *Times* calls upon the historian to defend himself if he can. It says very briefly, that William Penn cannot have been a good man and the scoundrel that Macaulay makes him out to be. Miss Warner's new story is announced in the papers, and I notice that a new "Ilos book" by a French soldier, is attracting considerable attention. It quite equals Gordon Cumming's book on the same subject, but it surpasses that in egotism. The American books are all snatched up as soon as issued by the cheap publishers here, and sell well. But more anon, VER.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Some time ago an article appeared in your paper, relative to lands in Western Pennsylvania. You seem to take considerable interest, whilst the spirit of emigration is rife, for the improvement of our own State. And in your remarks, having noticed this section of country, considerable inquiry has been elicited, especially in reference to the large tract of land owned by the Ridgway Company, and now for sale. Letters have come pouring in upon our inhabitants, myself amongst others, and I think that the best method to answer them is by means of your widely circulating paper, which had the merit to start the inquiry; I will in this, if possible, answer them all, according to the interrogatories propounded.

1st. Is the soil good for agricultural purposes, and what sort of grain can be raised upon it?

A large settlement is in this vicinity, containing some 20,000 acres under cultivation, and we find the soil excellent for agricultural purposes. The soil is a good limestone soil, and is well adapted to wheat, rye, corn, oats, buckwheat, barley, peas and potatoes. Grass grows spontaneously, and in abundance. The yield of wheat is from 27 to 30 bushels to the acre, on new land. But it is not as sure a crop as the other grains, without liming. On account of the richness of the soil at present this is not considered necessary, but when it comes into practice, as in the old counties, it will be excellent for this grain. Lime here is only 10 cts. a bushel. The other grains are raised here in abundance, and the yield is much greater than in any of the surrounding counties; for grass the soil cannot be excelled anywhere.

2nd. What is the quality and quantity of your timber?

We have in this county six large, navigable streams, viz: Clarion River, East and West branch of the Clarion, and Little Toby Creek, all of which empty into the Alleghany. Bennett's Branch, and Driftwood Branch, and the Main Creek of Sinemahoning, running into the West branch of the Susquehanna, 41 miles above Lock-Haven, in Clinton County, Pennsylvania. Along all these streams we have the best of pine, and other timber in very large quantities. Hundreds of thousands of feet of square timber and boards leave this country annually for the markets both of the East and West. On our upland we have the best of hard wood, such as cherry, sugar, maple, chesnut, beech, birch, and the very best of poplar; very little underbrush, and consequently not hard to clear. In the vicinity of Saint Mary's, there is land on which there is scarcely any thing but cherry, and I have often heard it estimated that from 15 to 20,000 feet of board measure can be got from the acre.

3rd. What is the face of your country?

It is rolling country, and differs very much from Eastern Pennsylvania, as the slopes of the hills are so gradual that they can be tilled to the very top. In many instances they form a perfectly level table land for miles. These lands are best adapted to wheat, rye, &c., and our river bottoms are excellent for the production of corn. In this township on upland there was 450 bushels of corn in ears raised on 8 acres of land, and in measuring the land the stumps were not deducted, which would make about 2½ acres. Another person about 1 mile from town raised this year, from the sowing of 2½ bushels of wheat, 87½ bushels of good, clean, merchantable wheat. This goes to show the excellency of the soil on our uplands.

4th. Are your soil and climate adapted to the raising of fruit?

The fruit trees planted in this settlement are quite young, but bear abundantly. The orchards in the other part of the county that are old bear exceedingly well; apples, pears, peaches, plums and grapes, grow very abundantly.

5th. What is the health of your country?

A healthier country than this cannot be found anywhere. We are entirely free from anything like fevers, and ague is unheard of. We in this place, St. Mary's, number near 3,000 souls, and not a single physician dwells amongst us. Several doctors have tried it, but there is so little sickness that they had to move to some other place to make a living.

6th. What is the state of education in your country?

We here have the free school system in excellent order; by the indefatigable exertions of our county superintendent, Dr. C. R. Earley, schools in abundance have been established; every child in the whole county is able to obtain the advantage of a good education.

7th. Have you any coal, and what are your minerals besides coal?

There is an abundance of excellent bituminous coal. There are at present 15 different openings in this vicinity. There are several veins from 3½ to 6 feet in thickness. The coal has been analyzed both in New York and Philadelphia, and pronounced the best quality for gas and other purposes. The great bituminous coal formation of the Alleghany, in running eastward gradually ascends until the measure finally runs out in Potter county where no coal exists. Thus Elk is about the easternmost if not the *last* in which beds of workable coal are found. The Erie division of the Sunbury and Erie Railroad has been wisely placed under construction between this place and Erie in view of the coal of Elk county. The distance from St. Mary's to Erie is about one hundred miles, and the coal could be offered in the city of Erie at a cost varying little from *two dollars* per ton. Now the Elk coal *can be delivered on the wharves at Erie one dollar per ton cheaper* than any similar coal that now goes there or to any other point on the lake shore, thus it will be perceived a stupendous coal business is certain to accrue the moment the lake end of the Sunbury and Erie Railroad is completed, and one of the inevitable effects of such a trade will be to give extraordinary value to land in the vicinity. The other minerals are iron ore and lime-stone which are found in abundance.

8th. Are any of your railroads finished, if not what are the prospects of their completion?

This Sunbury and Erie Railroad passes through the whole length of this county, and goes directly through the borough of St. Mary's. It is finished to Williamsport, Lycoming county, to which the cars are running daily. It is under contract and a large force employed from Williamsport to the mouth of Sinemahoning, 41 miles from this place, and on the west it is let from Erie to near Ridgway, within 15 miles of this place. Our portion of the route will be let at an early date. The Alleghany Valley Railroad passes directly through the whole of our county from south to north, and is finished as far as Kittaning, and the cars are running on it daily. It is let from Kittaning to Brookville, and by the next letting I hope it will reach us. The Tyrone and Clearfield Railroad is destined soon to be made, as the stock is rapidly taken. The Venango road, which terminates at Ridgway, the county seat, will shortly be put under contract, as the stock is all taken, this railroad gives us a direct communication with the north, south, east, and west.

9th. Is the land of the Ridgway Farm and Coal Companies, near your place, and what are its qualities and advantages?

This land is situated to the north, south-east and west of this place, they own some 18,000 acres in a body, of as good land as ever a plough was put in; some of the land already cleared and under cultivation, proves this assertion—it is covered with the best and most valuable of hard woods, such as cherry, chestnut, ash, beech, sugar maple, birch, iron wood, and the best of poplar and whitewood, whilst some of it is already cleared. On the south, the land lies along the Smithport and Milesburg Turnpike, and is excellent farming land; the company's lands are the best yet offered for sale, as all these lands were reserved by the former company, who made it a point to sell off the worst land at first—four thousand acres of this land lies within three miles of Ridgway—the county seat of this county, a thriving place filled with eastern men of enterprize and intelligence. They have several large lumber establishments, which do an immense business, and hundreds of thousands of feet of lumber are taken from this place every spring to Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Louisville. They have several first rate attorneys, men of high abilities, one of whom represents this vast district in our State Senate. They also have excellent stores, grist mills, hotels, and in fact everything to make it a place of business; and all these lands are filled with the best of bituminous coal, of a superior quality.

10th. Is the town of St. Mary's in your county, and what are its commercial and manufacturing advantages?

St. Mary's lies in the centre of the county, and was started about twelve years ago by a company of Germans, who, by their industry, have now raised quite a place. They number near 3,000 souls, and it has become quite a place of business. They have four grist mills, three saw mills, a number of stores, hotels, and all sorts of mechanical business. There is between 15,000 or 20,000 acres cleared, and under cultivation. Thousands of dollars worth of produce is annually taken to the neighboring lumbering establishments. The railroad will pass through this place, and no doubt its coal and local advantages, will soon make it one of the most important places in this part of the State. Our farmers and mechanics are all in a state of prosperity and independence.

11th. What is the general price of land in your neighborhood?

Land for the past year has been rapidly upon the rise, land under cultivation sells at from twenty-five to fifty dollars per acre. Wild land according to location, and mineral resources. Mr. Wernwag Baker, in Philadelphia, has recently sold 1,200 acres at twelve dollars per acre, and even more has been offered, where large tracts can be obtained in a body. Since the rise in land, it is understood that the Ridgway Company are making arrangements to dispose of large parcels, and thereby effect the prices. Sometimes land in small bodies is offered at less than this, but it is not fit for farming, and contains no coal.

12th. What as to the title of the land?

The title of that sold by Mr. Wernwag, by the Ridgway Company and some others, is the old Holland title, and well known to be of the best kind, but there are some land in small tracts, which have been repeatedly sold for taxes, the deeds of which have come into the hands of real estate agents in New York and Philadelphia, who frequently advertise at a small sum for cash or trade. It is this business which has caused much prejudice against western lands. It is needless to say, that in such cases, it is always well to engage an attorney at Ridgway to make examinations.

13th. Are you in anywise connected, or interested in the Ridgway Land and Coal Company?

Your last question is rather a strange one, but, nevertheless, I will answer it in all candor; I emphatically say, *I am not*; am not even a stockholder, although a great number of shares have been sold here, but I give all the above answers, in justice and truth, at the desire of the inquirers, and am not actuated by the least interest, nor do I expect to derive any from it. If the information is of any advantage to the hundreds who seem to require it, I am amply satisfied, and will at any time be happy to answer letters, or see strangers at St. Mary's, when my experience will be of the least service. Yours,

WILLIAM C. SHULTZE,
St. Mary's, Elk County, Pa.

CONGRESS.

In the SENATE, on the 16th, the bill proposing to remove from circulation the smaller Mexican and Spanish coins, and establishing their value in receipts for Government dues, and providing for the coinage of a new description of cents, passed.

Mr. Seward presented a joint resolution, which was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, providing that uninhabited lands lying beyond the maritime jurisdiction of nations, which have been or hereafter may be discovered and taken possession of by American citizens, whether in the public service or not, shall become part of the territory of the United States of America, whose jurisdiction shall be asserted and maintained over the same; but the right of property in the deposits of guano or of any valuable natural products of such islands, and the waters thereof, shall be vested in the persons who shall have discovered and taken possession of the same, (provided they shall be citizens of the United States not engaged in the public service,) their successors, administrators and assigns, with the privilege of entering upon and occupying the grounds and waters for the purpose of preserving, disposing of and taking away said deposits and productions.

The Bounty Land Bill was debated and laid aside. The Senate then resuming the consideration of the Kansas report, Mr. Jones, of Iowa, addressed the Senate in reply to the remarks of Mr. Harlan the other day.

On the 17th, on motion of Mr. Sumner, the Committee of Commerce was directed to inquire into the commerce known as the Coolie trade, by which the Chinese in large numbers are transported from their native country in American ships, on alleged contracts of service in distant places.

Also, to ascertain if the same is not conducted in violation of an existing treaty with China, and to consider if any legislation is expedient with the view of prohibiting this commerce, or to prevent the abuses incident thereto on board of American ships, or to extend to it the provisions and penalties of the recent act of Congress regulating the carriage of passengers in merchant vessels.

The consideration of the Bounty Land Bill was then resumed. Without concluding the subject, the Senate adjourned.

On the 18th, on motion of Mr Sumner, a resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Patents to consider the expediency of amending the Patent Laws so far as to allow the inhabitants of the neighboring British Provinces to enjoy the benefit of those laws, on an equal footing, in all respects, with the citizens of the United States.

The bill to authorize the facilitating of the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from the Mississippi to the Pacific was considered.

Mr. Weller maintained the constitutional power of the Government to construct military and other roads through the territories of the United States. Congress had frequently made appropriations of lands for such purposes. Three hundred and forty thousand dollars has been expended to procure the reports and surveys which show that there are three or four practicable railroad routes to the Pacific. He had no preference for either of them. His main desire was to obtain the construction of a road from which branches would emanate as the necessities of commerce should demand. The committee having the subject in charge propose that the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Interior and the Postmaster General shall advertise for bids, with authority, under the direction of the President, to select the most favorable one. According to his calculation, the money invested in such a work would yield 13 per cent per annum. Estimating 60,000 passengers going both ways, and the decrease in the time employed in travel will be a saving of more than eleven millions yearly. He showed the great mineral and industrial wealth of California, and the extensive area of the Pacific Coast, arguing the pressing necessity for such a road for the purposes of commerce, as well as for the protection and maintenance of the Union.

Mr. Seward next obtained the floor, when the bill was postponed till the 29th inst. Sixteen private bills passed, and the Senate then adjourned till Monday.

In the HOUSE, on the 16th, the House took up and passed a pension bill allowing a pension of $20 per month to a lady of South Carolina, who lost her husband and three sons in the Mexican War.

The Agricultural part of the Patent Office Report was received.

Mr. Tyson, from the Library Committee, reported a joint resolution for the purchase of 15,000 copies, at $5 each, of Dr. Kane's Narrative of his Arctic Expedition, for distribution among members of Congress, and authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to have appropriate medals struck and presented to Dr. Kane, and the officers and men of the expedition, expressive of the high esteem in which Congress holds their respective merits and services.

The resolution passed under the operation of the previous question by four majority.

Mr. Stanton moved a re-consideration of the vote. He said the system of book-publishing was condemned by every intelligent man in the country, and ought not to be tolerated. He did not want his friends who were in the majority, to be responsible for such extravagance.

Mr. Walker eulogized Dr. Kane for the hardships he had endured, and his large and valuable contributions to nautical science. On this he founded his vote. He acted from convictions of public duty, and was not driven by the necessity of mere party policy.

Clamorous cries for the "question," which being taken, was decided affirmatively. Adjourned.

On the 17th, the Senate Fortification Bill was tabled by a large majority, on the ground that it improperly originated in that body.

The House then resumed the consideration of the Deficiency Bill. Various amendments were debated, and without disposing of the bill, the Committee rose, and the House adjourned.

On the 18th, the Committee on Elections reported against Bird B. Chapman's retaining his seat as Delegate from Nebraska, and in favor of Hiram P. Bennett.

The House then spent several hours in the consideration of the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, and without concluding the subject, adjourned till Monday.

☞ The recent tornado was very destructive in Chester, Delaware and Alleghany Counties, in this State.

☞ According to the London Medical Times, the highest rates of mortality are found among the butchers. The writer states that the red injected face of the butcher has produced a wrong idea as to the healthy nature of his occupation. But this idea has been corrected by careful observation, and an analysis of the last census.

☞ To those who take an interest in such things, we will give a puzzle: Take ten pieces of coin, and place them in a row; take one of them and jump over the two others next to it, and so on, until you have diminished the ten pieces to five. Try it.

☞ The Harlem Lyceum is debating the following knotty question: "Which will soonest kill 'love—a marriage certificate or a shilling's worth of arsenic?" The old men go for the certificate, the youngsters for the arsenic. We shall issue the decision as soon as received.

☞ Mrs. Stowe, says the Evangelist, is engaged on a new work illustrating the condition of the poor whites of the South.

☞ A lady named Delphine P. Barker lectured in Chicago, on Saturday evening last, *against* Woman's Rights.—*Milwaukee Free Press.*

FLOUR NOW AND THEN.—The New York Times makes the following comparison of the prices of the different qualities of flour now with those which prevailed on the 1st of December last:

"On the 1st of December, ordinary State ranged from $6,25 to $6,31½, now the quotation is $5,87½ to $6; straight State then $6,31½ to $6,37½, now $6 to $6,12½; fancy Ohio then $6,62½ to $6,75, now $6,27½ to $6,75; fancy Genesee then $6,66½ to $6,75, now $6,50 to $6,75; extra Genesee then $10 to $11,50, now $6,75 to $9,25; and in the same proportion with all the other grades. Then, sixpenny loaves were about as big as a decent biscuit—now, they are not a whit bigger."

SEWING MACHINES.—In San Francisco there are four establishments in which sewing machines are used for sewing brown linen drill into bags, for miners, to contain their gold dust.

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A U. S. NAVAL OFFICER.

THE MAN-EATERS OF FORMOSA.

Every one knows that there is such a place as the Island of Formosa, but every one does not know its exact locality or that it is peopled by two different races of the genus homo, as distinctly marked and widely separated as are the white man and the African.

This superb island lies some hundred or more miles off the Coast of China, and tends with that coast to form the "Straits of Formosa," the dangers of which are so dreaded by the navigators of those seas. It is situated about halfway between the ports of Canton and Shanghae, and is so slightly known to the present world, that the most enlightened men, foreign or native, of those two ports, cannot tell you at this moment whether its teeming population are quiet, inoffensive people, or whether they, in part, consist of savages of unknown exterior, and who are addicted to the revolting feasts of Cannibalism. The prevalent *impression* is, however, that while the west, and a portion of the north coast of the island is in the possession of wandering families from China, the east coast and unknown interior are peopled by Cannibals, who, like the Fegee Islanders, regale themselves upon the crews of all such ships as are so unfortunate as to be cast upon their rugged and inhospitable shores.

It was my fortune some year or so back to belong to a vessel of war, a surveying steamer sent around the world by this Government, and to find myself one horribly stormy evening within a few miles of the west coast of this island, with a full head of steam on the shaky boilers, and the propeller turning as if the ship was being driven through a stone wall. Unless one had cast his eyes over the side at the sluggish water, he would have imagined that we were progressing at a most awful rate, when, in reality, such was far from being the case. In order to avoid explaining this apparent contradiction in the law of "action and re-action," I will simply state that the steamer was the world-renowned John Hancock, and that she was being steamed "head to wind" against what was rapidly waxing into a gale. Night was drawing nigh with unpleasantly long strides, and we were trying to get to an anchorage under the land for shelter from the approaching storm; in fact we had been all day similarly engaged, and should, with the arrival of night, have given up in despair. Suddenly, however, the wind indulged in a most unaccountably long lull, which enabled us to reach a good berth just as it again whistled through our gear with renewed fury.

We could see nothing that night from our anchorage save an extensive stretch of white sand beach backed by a sloping green, in the rear of which we imagined we saw a village slumbering under the deepening shadows of an o'erhanging range of mountains. But this village existed, many said, only in the vivid imaginations of a few, and it was not until darkness had become sufficiently dark to reflect its many lights, that the fact was generally admitted. The next morning, however, we had a most refreshing view spread out before us. Green slopes and waving fields of grain, broken here and there by extensive tracts of table land over which we could see the cattle roving in their lazy search for the tenderest mouthfuls of the abundant grass, while the white and glittering beach was crowded with the curious natives, whose doubtful village now loomed out beyond all question. The mountains, too, were rearing their hoary peaks into the morning sky, as if inviting the first salute of the god of day, whose glowing face did not rise o'er their towering range until more than an hour after he had left the horizon: so closely had we anchored under their sheltering height.

It is a beautiful sight for any one to look upon, these landscapes composed of sloping lawns, waving fields, grazing cattle, a village here and there, and the mountain sides glistening with the sun-lit spray of rushing water-falls. But when to all this is added the fact of one being just from the sea, and gazing upon lands seldom viewed by the eye of civilization, it becomes a scene well calculated to drive the blood through one's veins with increased activity. One feels like rushing wildly through those waving fields, and throwing his salt-impregnated frame into the fresh mountain stream, or like rolling childlike upon the green grass, and feeling himself away from the sea at last.

Yes, this was all very beautiful, very desirable, but unfortunately just then quite unattainable. For the gale still raged through, over, and around it all, most effectually preventing our rushing into that mountain stream, or rolling on that green grass. So we amused ourselves by overhauling our guns which had been pronounced "perfectly ready for service" the night before, adding more ammunition to our already large supply, re-sharpening our bowie-knives which had always been like razors, and in the various other useless, though ingenious occupations of restless minds. During the night, however, the gale abated, and the next morning several of us ventured into our best pulling boat, and struck out boldly for the beach. It was a hard and wet pull, but the crew of a surveying boat soon get used to excursions of that nature, and never think of tiring under several hours. In about fifty minutes the rough and stormy half mile which separated us from the beach was crossed, and as the keel grated with welcome harshness on the sand, we felt ourselves once more on shore. What if the boat *was* half full of water, and we like half-drowned rats, we were still on shore.

We had landed upon this strange and crowded beach without fear, simply from the fact, that while yet some distance off, we had readily recognized the natives as Chinese, and although they were all armed with either the match-lock or bow and arrow, we knew too much of their race in general to anticipate any violence. This crowd, which received us in a most noisy manner, was composed of men, women, and children, the males of almost every age being armed. We had taken the precaution to bring one of our Chinese mess-boys with us, but their language being neither the Mandarin, Canton, or Shanghae dialect, he at first found great difficulty in making himself at all understood. After a while, however, by the aid of the few words common to each, assisted by some violent pantomime on our part, we succeeded in exchanging ideas with tolerable freedom.

From what we could learn from these people, it seems that they exist in a state of perpetual warfare with their savage neighbors of the East Coast. The island there being very narrow, the latter find no difficulty in crossing the mountain ridge, which like a huge back-bone divides the two territories, capturing cattle, making prisoners, burning isolated habitations, and then retiring into their mountain fastnesses, where they are *never* followed by their less warlike victims. Thus we always found the latter armed with sword, match-lock, or bow and arrow, and confining themselves strictly to their fields and pasture grounds. Whenever we evinced a disposition to penetrate farther into the country, they induced us to give up the idea upon the earnest assurance that "our throats would be cut, and our bodies roasted for supper, by *bad* men who wore large rings in their ears." Upon one occasion, however, one of the party, while chasing snipe with his gun, almost unconsciously wandered from the low land and over a neighboring elevation, when he suddenly came upon a party of three, whom he had no difficulty in recognizing as "bad men who wore large rings in their ears."

Here was a fix for our innocent sportsman; he must either retire with an imaginary tail between his legs, or face boldly the unlooked-for danger. Fortunately he was a man of nerve, and was moreover armed with shot gun, bowie-knife, and revolver; choosing, therefore, the latter alternative, he quietly continued his approach, whistled with considerable success a portion of a popular air—finally joined them, made a careful but hurried survey of their personal appearance, exchanged a Mexican dollar for the bow and arrow of one, evidently against the will of its surprised owner, and then leisurely retraced his way until an intervening clump of trees enabled him with safety to "call upon his legs to do their duty." It is needless to remark that the vocal music ceased at this point. He described them as being of large stature and fine forms, copper-colored, high cheek bones, heavy jaws, coarse black hair reaching to the shoulders, and boasting no clothing save the maro; very much like our North American Indians he thought; no wonder that such a miserable race as the Chinese should hold them in dread—in fact, the only wonder is that they have the courage to remain on the same island.

I suppose that our innocent sportsman is the first member of civilization who has had a close view of these reputed Cannibals, since Benyousky, the Russian Count, cruized along their shelterless shores in seventeen hundred and something, since which time they have been more out of the world even than the Japanese.

The setting sun looked upon us as we returned on board in safety, and before he had again shone upon those sloping greens, we were well on our way around the south point of the island, in search of a landing among the savages in their own country. This, I regret to say, we never found, the whole east coast being one continuous line of foaming breakers, which carried death to everything like a boat upon their rolling crests. More than once, however, impelled by our excessive curiosity to learn more of these unknown people did we attempt to land, and more exciting attempts at shore going I never participated in. Upon one of these occasions we entered upon the dangerous trial with our two best boats, well armed and equipped, and commenced operations by sending in one, while the other remained just outside of the third roller in case of need.

The surf was rolling high and threatening as the buoyant whaleboat backed in towards the danger, but smoothed down considerably as she neared it. We began to think that success was at hand, she was within speaking distance of the crowd of excited savages who lined the beach, when suddenly the attention of the officer in command was attracted by the approach of three more than usually towering rollers, which he knew the boat could not survive. Reluctantly, but with quick decision, he gave the order to "give way." It was time, and the men knew it. The oars of western ash bent under the spasmodic strength imparted to muscular arms by the moment's excitement, the cork-like boat reared almost perpendicularly over the first roller, came down heavily into the second, was almost filled by the third, and finally reached our side, where we were glad enough to bail her out and return on board without the loss of life.

We had got a good view of the savages however, had heard their voices, and answered their pantomime, but all this only increased our desire to know more of them, for now we knew that they were veritable red men; and what were red men doing in the China seas?

As we pulled back to the ship we began to think that it might be providential, their not having been able to land under the circumstances; for even had they got on shore with whole bones, still their arms would have been rendered unserviceable by salt-water; and had the crowd proved unfriendly, we in the other boat would most certainly, right or wrong, have pulled in to share their fate, and the probability is, that we should all have "had our throats cut, and our bodies roasted for supper, by bad men who wore large rings in their ears."

From what I could see at so great a distance, I found the previous description of our innocent sportsman substantiated by my own eyes. Only in my case the tall and majestic women had on a single garment reaching only to their knees, and somewhat detracting from said majesty, while the men had exchanged the maro for a cloth around the *head*, and a very serviceable-looking match-lock in either hand.

As we pulled away from them after this narrow escape, they evinced their sorrow and desire to trade in the most energetic manner; and though our Chinese boy had nearly fainted with fright as the boat backed towards them, I am inclined to the opinion that they are not half so black as their enemies, the Chinese, paint them. This fellow of ours, however, always insisted that "dey eat man;" his friends on the other side had firmly impressed him with that unpleasant national characteristic, and hence his fright when apparently about to be rolled over by the surf upon their hostile beach.

That same day we ran along the coast in the ship, keeping as close, in fact closer, than was prudent, and examining with our glasses as far back as we were able. In this way, we frequently saw small but apparently comfortable houses, neatly kept grounds, what looked like fruitful gardens and green fields, all being cultivated by "Chinese who had not yet been eaten," we were told on the other side—or rather we were told that their friends, when captured, were made to work until desired for culinary purposes.

We were surprised at this air of comfort among naked savages, and could not help wondering how they should have built such nice-looking houses, until we finally concluded that their prisoners had been compelled to turn their hands to masonry as well as gardening.

So much for Formosa and its mysterious Red Men, all that is yet known of them. Who will ever enlighten us fully in regard to them, and their unknown language?

AN ENGLISH SCENE.

FLORA.—"Oh, I am so glad—dear Harriet—there is a chance of peace. I am making these slippers against dear Alfred comes back!"

COUSIN TOM.—"Hah, well! I ain't quite so anxious about peace—for you see, since those soldier chaps have been abroad, we civilians have had it pretty much our own way with the girls!"

THE HORSE.

Animals of the horse kind deserve a place next to man, in a history of nature. Their activity, their strength, their usefulness, and their beauty, all contribute to render them the principal objects of our curiosity and care—a race of creatures in whose welfare we are interested next to our own. Of all the quadruped animals, the horse seems the most beautiful;—the noble largeness of his form, the glossy smoothness of his skin, the graceful ease of his motions, and the exact symmetry of his shape, have taught us to regard him as the first, and as the most perfectly formed; and yet what is extraordinary enough, if we examine him internally, his structure will be found the most different from that of man of all other quadrupeds whatsoever. As the ape approaches us the nearest in internal conformation, so the horse is the most remote—a striking proof that there may be oppositions of beauty, and that all grace is not to be referred to one standard.

To have an idea of this noble animal in his native simplicity, we are not to look for him in the pastures, or the stables, to which he has been consigned by man; but in those wild and extensive plains where he has been *originally* produced, where he ranges without control, and riots in all the variety of luxurious nature. In this state of happy independence he disdains the assistance of man, which only tends to servitude. In those boundless tracts, where he runs at liberty, he seems no way incommoded with the inconveniences to which he is subject in Europe. The verdure of the fields supplies his wants; and the climate that never knows a winter suits his constitution, which naturally seems adapted to heat. His enemies of the forest are but few, for none but the greater kinds will venture to attack him; any one of these he is singly able to overcome; while at the same time he is content to find safety in society—for the wild horses of those countries always herd together. In these countries, therefore, the horses are often seen feeding in droves of five or six hundred. As they do not carry on war against any other race of animals, they are satisfied to remain entirely upon the defensive. The pastures on which they live satisfy all their appetites; and all other precautions are purely for their security, in case of a surprise. As they are never attacked but at a disadvantage, whenever they sleep in the forests, they have always one among their number that stands as sentinel, to give notice of any approaching danger; and this office they take by turns.

It is not easy to say from what country the horse came originally. There is pretty good evidence for supposing that, even at the time of the Trojan war, horses were but rare animals in Greece, and were possessed only by princes or great men, who employed them, not for the purposes of husbandry or draught, but for the ornamental displays of war and chariot-drawing, as the proud and distinctive accompaniment of royalty alone. In Judea, horses were, till the days of Solomon, very rare. Egypt is always described in the Old Testament as the land of horses. The earliest notice of the horse is in the Book of Genesis, where Joseph is said to have given the Egyptians "bread in exchange for their horses." In the very minute enumeration of the cattle stores of Abraham, Isaac, Esau, Laban, Job, &c., in the Book of Genesis, though there is a superabundance of other quadruped property, no mention whatever is made of horses. Neither in the fourth nor tenth commandments are horses noticed with the other working animals. In the enumeration, however, of the Egyptian cattle property affected by the murrain, horses are mentioned in precedence of the rest. Even during the Trojan war these animals were only in the retinue of princes. Accordingly, we find that in all the first descriptions of that animal he is depicted with beauty and majesty, as the war steed alone. Homer speaks of him always with dignity and admiration; and it is apparent that, in his conceptions, an additional respectability is conferred upon his princes and his war grooms, by the title which he bestows upon them of "horse-tamers" and "horse-whippers," a contemptible commendation, according to our ideas, associating, as we inevitably do, these epithets with the persons and mean employments of grooms of the stable and horse jockeys. The ancient poets and ancient people must have connected, however, beauty, majesty, and sublimity, with their idea of that animal—not only from his noble shape and gallant appearance, but from his singularity, and consequently high price—his being the friend, as it were, and attendant of princes—his being the terrible, yet graceful, accompaniment of war—and his being never seen, as in our modern times, degraded to the familiar, yet far more beneficial purposes of draught in our streets, and husbandry in our fields.

It would seem that the colder climates do not agree with his constitution; for, although he is found almost in them all, yet his form is altered there, and he is found at once diminutive and ill-shaped. We have the testimony of the ancients that there were wild horses once in Europe; at present, however, they are totally brought under subjection; and even those which are found in America are of a Spanish breed, which, being sent thither upon its first discovery, have since become wild, and have spread over all the south of that vast continent, almost to the Straits of Magellan. These, in general, are a small breed, of about fourteen hands high. They have thick jaws and clumsy joints; their ears and neck also are long; they are easily tamed; for the horse, by nature, is a gentle, complying creature, and resists rather from fear than obstinacy. They go in companies, generally to the extent of five or six hundred. They occupy the great savannahs, where it is difficult to disturb or try to catch them. In the dry season, they are sometimes obliged to go two or three leagues, and even more, in search of water. They set out in regular ranks—four abreast. Five or six scouts precede the troop by about fifty paces. If they perceive an enemy, they neigh, and the troop stops; if avoided, they continue their march; but if any one dare to march across their squadron, they turn on him, and crush him under their feet. No foe is capable of withstanding their attack. They have a regular chief, who marches between the scouts and the squadron—a kind of adjutant, whose duty consists in hindering any individual from quitting the ranks. If any one attempts to straggle, either from hunger or fatigue, he is bitten till he resumes his place. When wild horses are feeding, should any stragglers be threatened with an attack, by a particular signal, which they all understand, they close into a dense mass, and trample the assailant to death. When an attack is resolved upon, their leader shows the example; and if he considers a retreat necessary, he gives the signal, and it is instantly obeyed.

Herds of wild horses, the offspring of those which have escaped from the Spanish possessions in Mexico, are not uncommon on the extensive prairies that lie to the west of the Mississippi. They were once numerous on the Kootannie Lands, near the northern sources of the Columbia. They are not known to exist in a wild state to the northward of the 52nd or 53d parallel of latitude. The young stallions live in separate herds, being driven away by the old ones, and are easily ensnared by using domestic mares as a decoy. The natives are acquainted with the Spanish-American method of taking them with the lasso. Major Long mentions that "horses are an object of a particular hunt to the Osages." For the purpose of obtaining these animals, which in their wild state preserve all their fleetness, they go in a large party to the country of the Red Canadian River, where they are found in considerable numbers. When they discover a gang of horses, they distribute themselves into three parties, two of which take their stations at different and proper distances of their route, which, by previous experience, they know the horses will most probably take when endeavoring to escape. This arrangement being completed, the first party commences pursuit in the direction of their colleagues, at whose position they at length arrive. The second party then continues the chase with fresh horses, and pursues the fugitives to the third party, which generally succeeds in so far running them down, as to noose and capture a considerable number of them.

These American horses, however, cannot properly be ranked among the wild races, since they were originally bred from such as were tame. It is not in the New, but the Old World, that we are to look for this animal, in a true state of nature; in the extensive deserts of Africa, in Arabia, and those wide spread countries that separate Tartary from the more southern nations. Vast droves of these animals are seen wild among the Tartars; they are of a small breed, extremely swift, and very readily evade their pursuers. As they go together, they will not admit of any strange animals among them, though even of their own kind. Whenever they find a tame horse attempting to associate with them, they instantly gather round him, and soon oblige him to seek safety by flight. There are vast numbers also of wild horses to the north of China; but they are of a weak, timid breed; small of stature, and useless in war.

But of all countries in the world, where the horse runs wild, Arabia produces the most beautiful breed, the most generous, swift, and persevering. They are found, though not in great numbers, in the deserts of that country; and the natives use every stratagem to take them. Although they are active and beautiful, yet they are not so large as those that are bred up tame. They are of a brown color; their mane and tail very short, and the hair black and tufted. Their swiftness is incredible; the attempt to pursue them in the usual manner of the chase, with dogs, would be entirely fruitless. Such is the rapidity of their flight, that they are instantly out of view: and the dogs themselves give up the vain pursuit. The only method, therefore, of taking them is by traps hidden in the sand, which entangle their feet; the hunter at length comes up, and either kills them or carries them home alive. If the horse be young, he is considered among the Arabians as a very great delicacy, and they feast upon him while any part is found remaining: but if, from his shape or vigor, he promises to be serviceable in his more noble capacity, they take the usual method to train him.

A ONE-EYED CREATURE.—Mr. Gosse says it is a remarkable characteristic of all the little water fleas, which we see in every salt water pool, that they have but a single eye, which is generally of a bright crimson hue, sparkling like a little ruby, and is seen in the front of the head.

THE POET'S SEAT IN THE GARDENS OF HOLLAND HOUSE.

The above is an engraving of the arbor in the north garden wall of Holland House, which was a favorite retreat of the poet Rogers, in his frequent visits to this resort of wits, painters, poets, scholars, philosophers, and statesmen. Within the arbor is inscribed this couplet, by the late Lord Holland:—

Here Rogers sat—and here for ever dwell
With me those "Pleasures" which he sang so well

Beneath are some lines, added in 1818, by Henry Luttrell:

EXTRAORDINARY EXECUTION OF A MARAUDER.—All eyes were fixed on the Khan, who, in a voice of thunder, cried, "Take him from his horse and tie him to its tail. Then let him be dragged along till the breath is out of his body. A crier, who will accompany him, will explain to the army the cause of his punishment." As soon as the Khan had done speaking, the Tartar, without uttering a sound got off his horse, and calmly gave himself up to the soldiers who were to bind him. But it so happened that there was neither cord nor strap for that purpose. Krim-Giral, whose anger showed itself in the swelling of the veins of his forehead, ordered, to save time, that a bow-string should be used. He was told that a bow-string would be too short. "Well, then," cried he, stamping with rage, "let the wretch put his head into the bow and let him be dragged off. The Tartar silently submitted to this order. A trooper mounted his horse, and the wretched man allowed himself to be dragged along the road without making any resistance. But as he was unable to keep up with the trot of the horse, he fell to the ground, and thus freed his neck from the yoke which had confined him. The Khan perceived this new difficulty, foaming with rage. He paused a moment, and bit his lip, then with a fearful laugh exclaimed, "Let the criminal again put his head through the bow, and hold on with both hands until he dies." The Tartar now understood that he was to be his own executioner, and gave a most astonishing proof of perfect submission to his sovereign's commands. Crossing his hands firmly on his breast, he held the bow in which he had placed his head, and was again fastened to the horse's tail. The horseman started at a full gallop, and the intelligence was soon brought that the Tartar, who had not even in the moment of death changed his posture, had been dashed to pieces against a rock.—*Khan of the Crimea.*

MAN AND NATURE.

A sad man, on a summer day,
Did look upon the earth and say:—
"Purple cloud, the hill-top folding—
Kingly hills, the valleys holding—
Valleys, with the streams among you—
Streams, with trees that grow along you—
Trees, with many birds and blossoms—
Birds, with music-trembling bosoms—
Blossoms, casting dews that wreathe you,
To your fellow-flowers beneath you—
Flowers, that bring down stars on earth—
Earth, that shakest to the mirth
Of the merry Titan ocean,
All his shining hair in motion!—
Why am I thus the only one
Who can be dark beneath the sun?"

What time the summer day was past,
He looked to heaven, and smiled at last;
And answered so:—"Because, oh cloud,
Pressing with thy crumpled shroud
Heavily on mountain top—
Hills that almost seem to drop,
Stricken with a misty death,
To the valleys underneath!—
Valleys, sighing with the torrent—
Waters, streaked with branches horrent—
Branchless trees, that shake your head
Wildly, o'er your blossoms spread,
Where the common flowers were found!—
Flowers, with foreheads to the ground—
Ground, that shriekest while the sea
With his iron smiteth thee—
I am, besides, the only one
Who can be bright without the sun."

AN ITALIAN SCENE.—A fisherman and his wife stood at the waterside, opposite to a deep and dangerous spot; the latter had a little child, a boy of about a year old, already habited in the costume of his future life, the little trowsers tucked up above his tiny knees. She led him towards the river's brink, and wetted his little feet; he was alarmed, and clung to her with soft and affectionate caresses. Again and again she led him to the water, until the little imp, emboldened by her encouragement, ventured down alone, and only just able to walk, tottered unsteadily to the stream. I trembled at the risk; a feet farther and the water deepened dangerously; but no cause for fear—guided by a watchful eye, the mother's ready hand ever and again caught the little scrap of infant humanity just in time to save it, and rendered my half uttered exclamation unnecessary.

"*Que esta ella fazendo?*" (What is she doing?) asked my companion of the boatman, who rested on his oars.

"*Esta ha terranno o medo.*" (She is taking the fear out of him,) was the reply.

THIRTEEN TO DINNER.—There is a prejudice existing generally on the pretended danger of being the thirteenth at table. If the probability be required that out of thirteen persons, of different ages, one of them, at least, shall die within a year, it will be found that the chances are about one to one that one death, at least, will occur. This calculation, by means of a false interpretation, has given rise to the prejudice, no less ridiculous, that the danger will be avoided by inviting a greater number of guests, which can only have the effect of augmenting the probability of the event so much apprehended.—*Timbs's Things not Generally Known.*

PLEASANT WEATHER.

Thank God for pleasant weather!
Chant it, merry rills!
And clap your hands together,
Ye exulting hills!
Thank Him, teeming valley!
Thank Him, fruitful plain!
For the golden sunshine,
And the silver rain.

Thank God, of good the Giver!
Shout it, sportive breeze!
Respond, ah tuneful river!
To the nodding trees.
Thank Him, bud and birdling,
As ye grow and sing!
Mingle in thanksgiving
Every living thing!

Thank God, with cheerful spirit,
In a glow of love,
For what we here inherit,
And our hopes above!
Universal Nature
Revels in her birth.
When God, in pleasant weather,
Smiles upon the earth!

MOUNTAINS.—Mountains are, to the rest of the earth, what muscular action is to the body of man. The muscles and tendons of its anatomy are, in the mountain, brought out with force and convulsive energy, full of expression, passion and strength; the plains and lower hills are the repose, and the effortless motion of the frame, when its muscles lie dormant and concealed beneath the lines of its beauty, yet ruling those lines in their every undulation. This, then, is the first grand principle of the truth of the earth. The spirit of the hills is action—that of the lowlands, repose; and between these there is to be found every variety of motion and of rest, from the inactive plain, sleeping like the firmament, with cities for stars, to the fiery peaks, which, with heaving bosoms and exulting limbs, with the clouds drifting like hair from their bright foreheads, lift up their Titan hands to heaven, saying, "I live for ever!"—*Ruskin.*

GRASS.—Ruskin, in his last volume of *Modern Painters*, remarks upon grasses as follows:—"Observe the peculiar characters of the grass, which adapt it especially for the service of man, are its apparent *humility* and *cheerfulness*. Its humility, in that it seems created only for lowest service—appointed to be trod on, and fed upon. Its cheerfulness, in that it seems to exult under all kinds of violence and suffering. You roll it, and it is stronger the next day; you mow it, and it multiplies its shoots, as if it were grateful; you tread upon it, and it only sends up richer perfume. Spring comes, and it rejoices with all the earth—glowing with variegated flame of flowers—waving in soft depth of fruitful strength. Winter comes, and though it will not mock its fellow plants by growing there, it will not pine and mourn, and turn colorless and leafless as they. It is always green, and is only the brighter and gayer for the hoar-frost."

CELIBACY.—A man may be cheerful and contented in celibacy, but I do not think he can ever be happy; it is an unnatural state, and the best feelings of his nature are never called into action. The risks of marriage are far greater on the woman's side; women have so little the power of choice, that it is not perhaps fair to say they are less likely to choose well than we are; but I am persuaded that they are more frequently deceived in the attachments which they form, and their opinions concerning men are much less accurate than men's opinions of their sex. Now, if a lady were to reproach me for having said this, I should reply that it was only another mode of saying there were more good wives in the world than there are good husbands, which I verily believe. I know nothing which a good and sensible man is so certain to find, if he looks for it, as a good wife.

A SCRUPULOUS TENANT.—The tenants of buildings do not invariably make a point of leaving their houses in the same state of repair as the in which they find them. The following advertisement, however, which was published seven years since in an English newspaper, affords a singular instance of conscientiousness on the part a lessee:

"WANTED IMMEDIATELY, to enable me to le the house which I have for these last five years habited, in the same plight and condition in whi I found it, 500 LIVE RATS, for which I will gla pay the sum of £5 sterling; and, as I cann leave the Farm attached thereto in the same der in which I got it without at least Five milli of Dock, (Dockens weeds,) I do hereby promi a further sum of £5 sterling for said number Dockens. (signed)

"Dated 31 October 1815.

USURY.—Were there no restrictions on usu those who had money would not engage in tra They would prefer loaning it at an immoder per centage. The lender would enjoy all profits of the borrower without incurring his ris and the industrious would become slaves to usurer. To obviate such results, every State it becomes rich decreases the rates of intere that those who are determined to sit idle sh have no more than a sufficient inducement loan their money, otherwise idleness would encouraged in proportion to the wants of energetic.—*Tribune.*

DINNER OF A ROMAN EPICURE.—A dinner gi by Vitellius to his brother, had, says Senton portions of seven thousand most choice bird one dish, and of two thousand equally sh fishes in another. There stood in the cent dish, called, from its enormous size, Miner buckler; and of what composed, think ye? the livers of scari, the brains of pheasants peacocks, the tongues of parrots, and the be of lamprey eels, brought from Carpathia and remotest parts of Spain in ships of war sent expressly for the purpose.

POISON IN COLORED PAPER.—Dr. Blake North Auburn, New York, mentions a cas poisoning by arsenic which occurred lately in practice, the mineral forming an ingredient o coloring matter used for staining paper. A c was taken sick after chewing a green pasteb show-card. On examination it was found t card was enameled with a preparation of

COMPOSITION FOR ROOFING.—A new, and useful article for covering frames, pits, &c., in winter, is coming into use in land. The material is described as "w wood or veneer, dressed with some water composition, which, after being passed bet heavy rollers and exposed to the atmosph said to become nearly as hard as metal.

HOW TO AVOID SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.—meeting of the Scottish Curative Mesme ciation, held in Edinburgh, Mr. A. J. nounced to the audience that if they avoid sleepless nights, they should lie heads to the north—not on any acco with their heads to the west.

Life in Paris.

RAIN AND SUGAR-PLUMS—THE LEADING TOPIC—RAPID TRAVELLING—A PIOUS TALISMAN—A YOUNG HERO—POETIC LICENSE—THE QUARRIES OF PARIS.

PARIS, March 28, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

For the first time during a period of fifty years, at the famous three days' promenade of Longchamps—when all the fashionable world, and much of the unfashionable, turn out *en masse* to display their finery, their equipages, and themselves, along the line of highway from the Madeleine to the parade-ground in question, which has so long been classic in this part of the world—no police regulations have been issued with regard to the order to be observed by carriages and horsemen to avoid the dangers of obstruction and accident. Through the three consecrated days, the rain came steadily down, keeping everybody at home; and Paris now perceives, to its great amazement and disappointment, that in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-six, it has had no Longchamps.

This circumstance has also been a heart-breaking affair for the milliners, dressmakers, tailors, and hirers of "private carriages," or what pass as such, who look forward to these three days as one of their principal yearly harvests.

The bad weather has also exerted an unfavorable influence on the purchase of the gifts generally exchanged at Easter, and the tempting windows of the confiseurs have been less rapidly emptied than usual.

It would be difficult to describe the pretty things prepared for this season by the ingenious Paris sugar-plum makers, always on the *qui vive* to make the most of the seasons which long usage has led them to look upon as peculiarly their own. Suffice it to say that nests, trees, gardens, landscapes, all contrived for the better setting-off of the sugar eggs so dear to the heart of young Paris, fill the confectioners' windows, and are so exceedingly pretty that everybody stops to admire as he goes by. Here is a barnyard hen, hatching marvellous eggs—delicate pink or snow white—in the most elegant of rustic workbaskets; there a bird of Paradise, similarly engaged, and perched over a lovely little nest of moss, stuck in a tree covered with sugar cherries or apples, admirably imitated, said tree probably forming the glory of a cosy villa garden, or romantic landscape, with various animals browsing, maids and swains taking a walk under the edge of a wood, and a Swiss chalet in the distance. Here, again, are eggs of sugar, or chocolate, from the size of a pigeon's—good only to be eaten—to that of the ostrich, or even of the fabulous "roc" of the Arabian Nights, which are not only just as delicious a compound of delicately flavored sugar, but which open into the bargain, displaying to the delighted eyes of their juvenile possessors, dolls, bracelets, fans, dominoes, little virgins, rosaries and crucifixes, guitars, brushes and combs, necklaces, thimbles and scissors, looking-glasses, and a vast number of other things, some real, and fit for daily use, others mere sugar-plums, to be eaten and forgotten. In one superb egg, I have even seen a whole dinner-service for a child, consisting of knife, fork and spoon, drinking cup, and napkin ring, in silver; and other equally elegant and pleasant surprises.

But neither Longchamps nor Easter have shone with their usual glory this year; for little has been talked of or thought of by the press or the public, but the "grand dynastic event" duly chronicled in my last.

Receptions and felicitations have succeeded one another at the Tuileries almost without intermission. Before eight o'clock on the morning of the birth of the heir, i. e. in four hours after its occurrence, the felicitations of the sovereigns of England, Austria, and Sardinia had been received by the Emperor; and as an instance of what the telegraph can do in our days, it may be mentioned that the news was transmitted to the Pope, and the Papal Benediction, to which such virtue is still ascribed in catholic countries, was sent back to Paris, and read in the Empress's chamber within one hour after the birth of her child. From the nabobs of the Government, in gold embroidered court garments, to the deputation of the *Dames de la Halle*—otherwise called the market-women of Paris—dressed in their best, and carrying enormous bouquets, all have been to offer their compliments to the Emperor, and assure him that "France" surrounds the cradle of the "Prince Imperial" with her vows, her blessings, and her unchangeable devotion, and though very desirous that its papa should reign forever, is yet determined that the said "Prince" shall reign in his place should it ever become vacant. All these flatterers, high and low, have been admitted to defile before the cradle of the sleeping infant, unconscious of the honors thus lavished upon him, of the magnificent gold medal prepared in commemoration of his birth, consecrated by the Bishop of Marseilles with a grand ceremonial at the feet of the Statue of Our Lady of Watchfulness, and sent on to Paris by the clergy and magistrates of that city, to be hung to his couch as a talisman, and even of the *Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor* and the *Military Medal* which have been solemnly deposited on the little creature's cradle.

Addresses, Odes, Hymns, are pouring in from every part of the country, all containing the most sycophantic adulation, and the most astounding professions of loyalty to the "Providential Dynasty of the Napoleons," which the whole nation would seem to be united in declaring is to reign over France to the end of time. The poets, of course, go a little further than their more prosaic brethren; and the baby is called "an eaglet destined to soar to the sun," a "little Jesus," a "Divine Infant," and a "Social Messiah," destined to bring every species of happiness and glory to "France." One cannot but marvel that such men as Gautier, one of the most brilliant French writers, and the eminent poet, Mery, can thus have bent the knee of their Muse before the ruler of the moment; their chronic need of cash may probably explain the phenomenon. But making all allowance for the hope of gain and the necessities of official position, the movement has been too extensive not to imply something beyond all this; and it can hardly be doubted even by those least friendly to the Empire, that the name of Napoleon does really still exercise a magical influence over the imaginations of a very large proportion of the French people, and that they hail the birth of this child as a pledge of the stability of the Government they have chosen to give to themselves.

Meantime the baby, which is said to have a very large head, is in excellent health, and the Empress is reported as doing very well. Old Prince Jerome is also getting over his very serious attack of inflammation of the lungs.

In the description of the new Central Market now being built in this city given in my last, I mentioned that subterranean lines of railway *go through it, and will* communicate with the main line of the same nature to be laid down under the new Boulevard de Strasburg.

The existence of some thirty miles of subterranean streets under Paris and its environs, has naturally suggested the idea of opening, between the various quarters of this too-compactly built city, channels of communication below its surface; and thus of diminishing the dangerous crowding, and incessant wear and tear, of its thoroughfares, by getting rid of the heaviest and most cumbersome portion of the vehicles that are perpetually blocking them up.

Comparatively few, even in this country, are aware of the extent of the sunless city existing beneath this gay metropolis; and of the immense labor that has been expended in strengthening the foundations of certain quarters of the town which, but for these timely reparations, would probably have fallen in long ago. The municipal authorities of Paris, by whom the labors in question are directed, are now publishing a *subterranean Atlas*, the first few sheets of which appeared at the late exhibition, and took a gold medal of the first class. Explanatory notices, by M. de Fourcy, accompany the maps, and abound in curious and interesting particulars.

From these notices it appears that the builders of Paris have been accustomed from the earliest times, to quarry the soil beneath its site in order to obtain the beautiful free-stone in which the region abounds, and which they used as materials for the buildings they erected. These quarries, which became more and more extensive with each generation, came in time to be built over, as the city extended in various directions; the architects of each succeeding age seeming to lose sight of the existence of the dangerous hollows bequeathed by their predecessors. Bernard Palissey, the immortal potter, recounts in his *Treatise upon stones*, that he visited the quarries which lay under the quarter of the Faubourg St. Marcel with a physician whom he knew in the year 1575, and that they "walked in them for nearly three miles."

In 1678, Colbert caused a careful inspection of all the public buildings of Paris to be made by the King's architects, who were charged to decide whether the stones they were built of were of good or bad quality, from what quarries they had been taken, and whether these quarries were still in existence or not. After spending a year in making the requisite examinations, the committee reported that out of ninety-six public buildings they had inspected, forty-five were built of materials extracted from quarries opened at the very gates of the city.

But if the public buildings absorbed a large portion of the support of the ground on which they stood, the private ones employed a very much larger quantity; and as the city was constantly spreading, these vast hollows were successively built over without its appearing to occur to any one in what imminent danger it was thus placed. For the quarries had been opened, worked, and abandoned, in the most irregular manner, and with no municipal oversight; no plans had been made of their position and extent, and nothing, in fact, was known upon the subject.

The falling in of a large extent of ground covered with houses, on the southern outskirts of the city, in 1774, first roused the public to a sense of danger; and the careless security in which Paris had hitherto remained with regard to its foundations, was suddenly changed to the wildest and most terrible alarm. So great, indeed, was now the terror of the inhabitants, and their indignation at what they considered to be the gross negligence of their rulers and guardians, that the king was obliged to issue an order in council "for the immediate examination of all the quarries, and of drawing up of plans of the same, wherever they advanced beneath the roads, streets, or houses of Paris."

Accordingly Count Angiviller, "Director-General of the King's architecture"—so ran his title—assisted by the Lieutenant of Police, Lenoir, and a Committee of the Academy of Architecture, made a thorough examination of the ground in person, and fully convinced himself and the government of the imminence of the danger. His inspection resulted in the appointment of Guillaumot, Chief Architect to the King, to the post of "Controller, and Inspector-General of the examinations and operations relative to the Quarries of Paris." Singularly enough, the very day the "Inspector General" was installed in his new office, a house in the Rue d'Enfer was suddenly buried in an ancient quarry 80 feet below the level of the street.

The work of exploration was carried on with the utmost zeal by Guillaumot and his assistants. Brigades of "geometers" were formed, and penetrated the recesses below the city, working their way from quarry to quarry wherever communication was practicable, drawing up plans of the hollows, and marking out the sites to be filled up, and the nature of the works to be undertaken.

These, as may well be supposed, were commenced without farther delay; and have been going on without intermission to the present day, at an average outlay of $25,000 per annum. They are now nearly completed, and will henceforth need but a slight yearly outlay to keep them in good order.

The municipality of Paris, which directs all this subterranean work, charges the owner of each house of which the foundations are thus secured, with the amount of costs incurred; the works constructed under the middle of the streets and roads being done at the expense of the city.

The repairs are conducted in the following manner:—The quarries extending under a given street, are first explored by the geometers employed, who not only make a map of the same, but trace upon the roof of these hollows two lines corresponding with the fronts of the houses on either side of the street. Each of these two lines becomes the axis of a gallery three and a-half feet in width, which is next constructed under each side of the street. One of the walls of each of these galleries corresponding exactly with the fronts of the houses which border it. These walls are composed either of solid masonry, or merely of loose stones piled together, according to the state of the roof, the weight of the houses above it, and the amount of transit which takes place along it.

In forming these lines of gallery, should masses of rock or of earth intervene between the different quarries through which they pass, these are cut through, and the materials thus obtained are employed in carrying on the works. Where the roof of these passages is found to be solid and strong, it is left in its old state; but wherever it threatens to give way it is supported by a substantial lining of masonry. Under a few of the narrowest streets a single line of gallery has been found sufficient.

The galleries being completed under a given street, the roof of the hollow between them is next supported by stout pillars, formed of blocks of stone placed one above the other without cement, and, lastly, the spaces between these pillars are entirely filled with earth, broken brick and stone, and other rubbish, so that the whole line of the street is solidly filled under and supported, with the exception only of the parallel lines of gallery left open underneath the rows of houses, and of certain other passages, crossing these galleries at right angles, and forming a means of communication between the different quarters of the subterranean city.

Occasionally, in pushing forward the line of a gallery, it is found that a large extent of roof has fallen in, carrying with it the various earthy strata above it, and forming an extensive dip in the ground above. In this case the gallery is carried round the dangerous portion; and the consolidation of this particular dip is managed from above instead of from below. A narrow shaft is sunk into it from the street, and the hollow is then filled up with materials shot into it from above.

In certain quarters, especially at the ends of the Rues d'Enfer and St. Jacques, it was found that a double series of quarries existed, one under the other, thus greatly adding to the instability of the soil, and the difficulty of the work. Wherever this double series extends under buildings, it has been found necessary to build pillars and vaults of solid masonry in the lower quarries, exactly under the pillars of the upper ones.

The quarries are divided by the Seine, and the little stream of the Bievre—to the peculiar quality of whose water, as employed in the dyeing of the worsteds used in the manufacture of the Gobelins tapestry, much of the beauty of its hues is attributed—into three distinct sections, between which communication is impossible.

The excavations beneath Paris occupy an area corresponding to one-tenth of its surface; the length of the galleries being, as stated above, somewhat over thirty miles.

The quarries, however, run out far beyond the confines of the city, and extend under the villages of Vaugirard, Montrouge, and Gentilly. Were it not for a wall, corresponding to the wall of the *barriere*, and built with a view to preventing the smuggling into Paris of produce from the country, a visitor who should enter this curious region by the ninety steps of the quarry-stairway in the Rue Bonaparte, might proceed, without once seeing daylight, as far as the village of Bagneux on the road to Orleans; a distance of nearly six miles.

The portion of the old quarries called the *Catacombs*, forms a very small part of the vast system of excavations extending beyond the city under the plain of Mont-Souris, to the east of the Orleans Railway. The conversion of a portion of these excavations into a subterranean necropolis was terminated in 1786. The novel burying-place was consecrated as soon as its arrangements were completed; and the bones that filled the ancient *Charnier des Innocents* were removed thither. The success of this operation—which occupied fifteen years, only being performed by night—decided the Administration to remove into the Catacombs the bones which filled the grave-yards attached to the churches, convents, and hospitals of the capital, at the period when intermural interments were first prohibited. These transfers, in which it is computed that the remains of at least three millions of human beings were removed from their old resting-places, were completed in 1818.

Several accidents having occurred in the case of persons whom motives of curiosity had led into the catacombs and quarries, no one is now allowed to enter them; and so stringent are the regulations on this subject that all access to this singular region, except in very rare cases, and under certain peculiar circumstances, is now quite impossible.

QUANTUM.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

A SONG.

Come away, Love! in the heart of the wildwood
Are nooks where the violets are springing to day,
The meadow grass waves in the breeze like a banner,
The sunlight stoops down with the daisies to play;
The beautiful daisies; like stars they are peeping,
Sprinkling the turf round the old beechen tree;
The wild birds will carol their merriest greeting—
Come away, Love! to the forest with me!

Come away, Love! on the breast of the river
The white sails are sleeping all calmly and still;
The pencil of sunset hath tinted the spire
Of the gray little church on the brow of the hill!
The evening star smiles through the boughs of the oak,
Its silvery glances reflected in dew
That resteth to night on the brows of the flowers,
Like beautiful thoughts in thy spirit so true.

Come away, Love! leave the great world behind thee!
Its plotting, its scheming, its evil and care;
I'm longing to hear the sweet heart-beat of nature—
To lay at her feet all the burdens I bear
Her presence is life, and her words are a psalm,
Majestic and tender, inspiring and free;
Let us list to the voice of her breathy together—
Away to the forest, my darling, with me!

—*Boston Transcript.*

L. H. F.

THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA BOUNDARY LINE.—This line, run in accordance with the Ashburton Treaty, cost the labor of 300 men eighteen months. For 300 miles a path was cut through the forest, 30 feet wide, and cleared of all trees. At the end of every mile is a cast-iron pillar, painted white: square, four feet out of the ground, and bearing, in raised letters on its sides, the names of the commissioners who ran the line, and the date.

MY SISTER'S BEAU.

'Tis now about a year or more
Since first we came to know
That sister Kit—that little miss—
Had got a handsome beau.

At times her cheek was wond'rous red,
When one was talk'd about;
His name—but no, 'twould be a shame,
So I'll just leave it out.

Her face, when thoughtful, often wore
A funny sort of smile,
And though she kept us in the dark,
We knew him all the while.

Last summer, too, she always had
Of lovely flowers full store;
We saw no one, but often heard
A strange knock at the door.

When winter came she wrought a pair
Of mitts, and they were blue;
But when we ask'd, "Who are they for?"
She answer'd, "Not for you!"

At last her happy birthday came,
She wore a brilliant gem,
And then we heard from her own lips
Who loved our little Em.

S. J. L.

POPULAR FALLACIES.

It is not true that sugar candies are of themselves injurious to the teeth or the health of those who use them; so far from it, they are less injurious than any of the ordinary forms of food when employed in moderation.

Any scientific dentist will tell you, that the parts of teeth most liable to decay, are those which afford lodgment to particles of food; such particles being decomposed by moisture and heat, give out an acid, which will corrode steel as well as teeth; but pure sugar, and pure candies are wholly dissolved, there is no remnant to be decomposed to yield this destructive acid; we remember now no item of food which is so perfectly dissolved in the mouth as sugar and candy. When visiting the sugar plantations of Cuba, the attention was constantly arrested by the apparently white and solid teeth of the negroes who superintended the process of cane grinding; they drank the cane juice like water, there was no restraint as to its use, and the little urchins playing about, would chew the sugar-yielding cane by the hour. It is much the same in Louisiana, where the shining faces and broad grins of the blacks are equally indicative of exuberant health and "splendid teeth."

How doesdt happen then that there should be "the prevalent belief" that sugar and sugar-candy destroy the teeth and undermine the health? Perhaps the most correct reply is *Tradition*, the father of a progeny of errors in theory and practice; of errors in doctrine and example, "too tedious to mention."

One of the common faults of the times is an indisposition to investigate on the part of the masses. We take too much for granted. A very common answer to a demand for a reason for a time honored custom, is "*Why, I have heard it all my life. Don't every body say so?*"

It would be a strange contradiction in the nature of things, if sugar and candy in moderation, should be hurtful to the human body in any way, for sugar is a constituent of every article of food we can name; there is not a vegetable out of which it cannot be made, not a ripe fruit in our orchards which does not yield it in large proportions, and it is the main constituent of that "*milk*" which is provided for the young of animals and men all over the world. Perhaps the child has never lived which did not love sweet things beyond all others; it is an instinct, a passion, not less universal, than the love of water. A very little child can be hired to do for a bit of sugar what nothing else would. The reason of this is, that without sugar, no child could possibly live, it would freeze to death; it is the sugar in its food which keeps it warm, and warmth is the first necessity for a child.

But to use this information intelligently and profitably, it must be remembered that sugar is an artificial product, is a concentration, and that, if used in much larger proportions than would be found in our ordinary food, as provided by the beneficent FATHER of us all, we will suffer injury. We should never forget that the immoderate use of anything is destructive to human health and life, if persevered in. The best general rules to be observed are two:

First, Use concentrated sweets at meal times only.

Second, Use them occasionally, and in moderation.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE HIGGUP.—Some time ago I had occasion to call at a Highland shooting-lodge, and on entering the kitchen, where two English sportsmen were sitting, I happened to be attacked by a fit of hiccup. One of the sportsmen took a piece of grey paper from his pocket, and after lighting and blowing it out, he started up, and held the fumes of it opposite my mouth and nostrils. I started, to be sure, but was quite astonished to find myself immediately cured, and I have since seen it frequently tried on others, and always proving a "never-failing remedy."—*Correspondent of Inverness Courier.*

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

William H. Seward—a man who probably has as warm friends, and bitter enemies, as any other prominent man in the Union—was born in the village of Florida, in the town of Warwick, Orange county, New York, on the 16th of May, 1801. His ancestors were of high respectability, and on his father's side were of Welsh, and on his mother's of Irish extraction. The inhabitants of the little town of Florida were principally emigrants from Connecticut and other New England States. He enjoyed the usual advantages of school and academical education in his native village, and in the adjoining town of Goshen—until 1816, when he entered Union College in Schenectady, scarcely fifteen years of age. Even at this period he was able to pass an examination for the junior class; by preference however, he entered as Sophomore. His remarkable assiduity and capacity are still remembered by his classmates, as he readily distinguished himself by his severe studies, his brilliant talents, and a manly and generous character. As he rose at four in the morning, and sat up late, it was in college, no doubt, he acquired those habits of continuous mental toil which have since distinguished his whole career.

When in his senior term, he withdrew for a year from college, and spent six months in teaching at the south. The residue of his vacation he devoted to the study of the law; and when the next senior class had reached the point at which he had left his own he returned to college, and at the close of the term graduated with the highest honors. He then resumed the study of the law, with John Anthon of New York, and completed his preparation for the bar at Goshen with Judge Duer and Ogden Hoffman, and was admitted by the Supreme Court at Utica, in 1822. On the first of January, 1823, when a little more than 21 years of age, he removed to Auburn, Cayuga county, where he soon attracted the attention of Judge Miller of that town, in a short time became associated in his office as a partner, and thus rapidly succeed to a large and lucrative practice.—In 1824, he married the youngest daughter of his associate—Frances Adeline Miller, a lady who inherits a large share of her father's intelligence and originality of character. Remarkable for her accomplishments, kindness of heart, and natural endowments, Mrs. Seward is one of nature's noble women. The fruits of this union have been five children—four of whom, three sons and a daughter, are still living. One son is in the United States army; another, a lawyer by profession, is one of the editors of the "Albany Evening Journal;" the other two children are quite young.

"Mr. Seward's personal appearance," says a contemporary, "can scarcely be said to be prepossessing. At least we never knew a person who had, through the medium of the journals, become acquainted with his master-pieces of eloquence, afterward see him without an expression of disappointment. And yet there are many noble points in his personal appearance. He is scarcely average sized, is modest in his ways, and often wears upon his face a sleepy look which wears off at once when engaged in animated conversation." In 1830, Mr. Seward, although not yet thirty years of age, was elected to the Senate of New York, in which body he took his seat in the following January. During the four years that he was a member of the Senate, he, among other efforts, advocated the abolishment of imprisonment for debt; an improvement in prison discipline; the election of various officers by the people, then appointed by the Governor and Senate; and the great interests of education and internal improvement. He also opposed the removal of the deposits from the United States Bank; the interference of the Executive with the bank; the increase of corporations; and the enlargement of the salaries of public officers.

In 1834, he was nominated for Governor of New York by the Whig party, but defeated. In 1836 he was again nominated, and elected by over 10,000 majority. In 1840 he was re-elected. At the close of his term he returned to the practice of his profession, of which he has always been a brilliant ornament.

In 1848, Mr. Seward was elected, almost unanimously, by the legislature of New York, to the Senate of the United States, in place of John A. Dix, whose term expired on the third of March, 1849. In the Presidential canvass of the first mentioned year, Mr. Seward gave General Taylor a hearty and enthusiastic support, and from their meeting in Washington till the death of the latter, they were firm and cordial friends. In 1854, Mr. Seward was re-elected to the United States Senate for six years from the 4th of March, 1855.

At the present time, Mr. Seward is generally regarded as the most prominent leader of the new Republican party. Some of that party urge his nomination for the Presidency, but it is generally thought by the more discerning, that the nomination will fall in some other direction.

AN ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—The sea is the largest cemetery, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All grave yards, in all other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in that ocean cemetery the king, the clown, the prince and the peasant are alike undistinguished. The waves roll over all—the same requiem sung by the minstrels of the ocean to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines: and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and unhonored, will sleep, until awakened by the same trump, when the sea will give up its dead. I thought of sailing over the slumbering but devoted Cookman, who, after a brief but brilliant career, perished in the President—over the same ill-fated vessel we may have passed. In that cemetery sleeps the accomplished and pious Fisher, but where he and thousands of others of the noble spirits of earth lie, no one but God knoweth. No marble rises to show where their ashes are gathered, or where the lovers of the good can go to shed their tear of sympathy. Who can tell where lie the tens of thousands of Africa's sons who perished in the "middle passage?" Yet that cemetery hath ornaments of Jehovah. Never can I get forget my days and nights, as I passed the noblest of cemeteries without a single monument.—*Giles.*

THE BEST TEA.—Some kinds of black tea are very expensive, and never exported, being used by the Emperor and some of the high mandarins. The kinds denominated "coral dew," "white dew," and "rivulet garden tea," are said to be worth thirty dollars a pound in China. Some idea of the great number of persons employed in the tea culture may be formed, when it is estimated that fifty-five millions of pounds are annually exported, and that it is the universal beverage of three hundred millions of people at home.

HOW TO LEND MONEY, IF YOU LEND AT ALL.

To your friends! As to a pure business transaction, you may not be too careful. But when a friend of other years comes along, who has not been as successful as yourself, whom disappointment or misplaced confidence, or unavoidable calamity has pressed to the earth, a friend who was once your equal in all things, inferior in none, except perhaps in that hardness of character, which is a general element of success in life, don't begin to hem and haw, and stroke your chin; don't talk about "*bail*" and "*usury*," and the "*tightness of the money market*," he knows that already—spare him the intelligence that you "once loaned Mr. So and So a sum of money, which was never returned;" he don't want your biography, he wants your cash. Don't remind him that if he were to die, you would lose it; that arrow may sink deeper into his heart than any amount of money could ever fathom, and then, close with a recital of this, that the other thing, which, if really true, could not materially interfere with your furnishing him the required amount. If you have ordinary sagacity, you can make up your mind in a moment, whether to grant the accommodation or to refuse it. If you are a man and you design a refusal, tell him at once in some kindly way, that you do not feel prepared to accede to his wishes. If on the other hand, you have a heart to help him, don't do it as if you felt it were a mountain grinding you to powder, or as if each dollar you parted from, was inflicting a pain equal to the drawing of a tooth; don't torture him with cross-questioning, nor worm out of him some of the most sacred secrets of his life; away with your inquisitorial, brassy, impertinence; don't lay him on the rack for an hour at a time, as if you gloated at the sacrifice of his manhood, as if you wished to make him go down on his very knees to win his way into your purse, away with it all we say, and stand up like a man; give him a cordial greeting, let a holy sunshine light up your countenance, and speak out before he has done asking, tell him how much you are gratified at having it in your power to help him, and let that help go out in a full, free soul, and with a good slap on the shoulder, bid him look upward and ahead for there's sunshine there for him. Why the very feeling in the man's heart as he goes away from you, is worth more to humanity, than all the money you let him have, ten times told. He goes out of your presence with a heart as light as a feather, in love with all the world, and full of admiring gratitude towards you. He feels his manhood, he feels that confidence is reposed in him, that he is still a man, and this conviction nerves him up to a resolution, to an ambition, to an energy which are of themselves a guarantee of after success. He goes to work with a will, which hews down the obstacles and melts away the iceberge which hedge up the ways of men, and behold in a moment, rough places are made smooth, and straight places made plain to him.

Reader! suppose you never got your money back, and you have a heart so big, that you can, notwithstanding his non-payment, give him at every meeting a cordial smile of friendly recognition, can speak to him without ever reminding him of his indebtedness: it may be that you are his only friend, but then you are the world to him, and however hardly that world may have dealt with him, your single exception is placed to the credit side of humanity, a thousand times its individual value; that man can never die a misanthrope, for he will insist upon it to his latest breath, "there's kindness in the world after all." What a grand thing it is to have a man close his eyes in death, and one of the last thoughts of mortality be a prayer for blessings on your head.

We repeat, then, if you lend your money at all, do so freely, promptly, do it with a whole soul. Do it with a grace that becomes a man, with a cordiality which will do quite as much as your money in raising your friend from the depressing influences which surround him. We do not advise the loan of money in any given case, but write to show in what manner it should be done, when decided upon, to bring the most pleasant reminiscences to yourself hereafter, and to carry with it the large st advantages to him whom you wish to befriend.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

REFLECTIONS.—If the whole of human life were like a fine day in June, we should cease to wish for "another and a better world." It is often from dawn to sunset one revel of delight. How pleasantly from the first break of day have I lain wide awake, and traced the approach of the breakfast hour by the increasing notes of the birds, and the advancing sunlight on my curtains! A summer feeling at such a time would make my heart dance within me, as I thought of the long, cheerful day to be enjoyed, and planned some rural walk or rustic entertainment. As I heard the lark singing in a "glorious privacy of light," and saw the boughs of the green and gold laburnum waving at my window, and had my fancy filled with images of nature and beauty, I felt a glow of fresh life in my veins, and my soul was inebriated with joy. With what a light heart and eager appetite did I enter the little breakfast parlor, of which the glass-doors opened upon a bright green lawn, variegated with small beds of flowers.—*Richardson.*

PAT AND HIS PIG.—A rollicking Hibernian of the light division in the Peninsula was once trudging leisurely along the road with a pig in a string behind him, when, as bad luck would have it, he was overtaken by General Cranfurd. The salutation, as may be supposed, was not the most cordial. "Where did you steal that pig, you plundering rascal?" "What pig, giniral?" exclaimed the culprit, turning round to him with an air of the most innocent surprise. "Why that pig you have got behind you, you villain." "Well then, I vow and protest, giniral," rejoined Paddy, nothing abashed, and turning round to his four footed companion, as if he had never seen him before, "it is scandalous to think what a wicked world we live in, and how ready folks are to take away an honest boy's character. Some blackguard, wanting to get me into trouble, has tied that baste to my cartouch box!"—*Memoirs of Generals.*

ECON.—The French practical philosophers certainly know how to make the most of things.—Mons. de Sora has recently discovered the secret of making hens lay eggs every day in the year. He feeds them on horseflesh, and obtains his supply of twenty-five or thirty a day, among the used-up hacks of the city. His henery, a few miles from Paris, has furnished about forty thousand dozens of eggs a week, yielding the proprietor for every seven days the round sum of $5,000, or $260,000 a year. Mons. de Sora employs about one hundred persons, mostly females, and his entire expenses are only about $75,000 a year, leaving him the handsome balance of $185,000 profit. He never allows a hen to set, and all his chickens are hatched by steam. The eggs are arranged upon shelves, and covered with blankets; and each morning a swarm of chickens are taken to the nursery.—*Albany Register.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

PEACE PROCLAIMED—POSSIBLE SAFETY OF PACIFIC.

The Baltic and Africa have arrived—the latter bringing Liverpool dates to April 6th.

The Peace Conference continued its sittings at Paris, considering the minor details. Peace had been proclaimed at St. Petersburg, and was favorably received. The Conference was not expected to get through with its labors for a month or more.

The U. S. Mediterranean squadron was about to cruise off the coast of Spain.

The ship Skiproips, Ryan, from St. John, Newfoundland, February 18th, arrived at Figueira, reports seeing fields of ice about 200 miles from the coast of Newfoundland. She also reports having seen a steamer's lights in the ice! These lights are supposed to have been those of the long lost Pacific. The Skiproips could not get near enough to ascertain positively whether it was the Pacific or not. The Pacific left Liverpool on January 23d, and if she entered the ice on the 10th day out, the 2d of February, she would have been about two weeks in the ice when the Skiproips saw the steamer's lights.

Peace was proclaimed in London, at eight o'clock on Monday morning, March the 31st, two years and four days after war was proclaimed between this country and Russia. The Treaty of Peace was signed at Paris on Sunday, the 30th ultimo.

The declaration of peace was announced in Paris and London by salvoes of artillery. Paris was illuminated, in accordance with previous arrangements. In England the church bells were pealed in joy over the event.

Three or four weeks will probably elapse before the final ratification will be exchanged, the details of the adjustment having been referred to a commissioner.

Parliament reassembled on Monday, the 31st ult. In reply to a query, Lord Palmerston said that, although the treaty of Peace was signed, yet it was determined by the Conference, that the particular conditions should not be made public until the ratifications were exchanged.

At the same time he would express his conviction that the treaty would be deemed satisfactory by England and by Europe. It would be found that the objects for which the war was undertaken had been fully accomplished, and that the integrity and independence of the Turkish empire had been secured.

The treaty, he said, was honorable to all the contracting powers, and while, on the one hand, it has put an end to the war, which every friend of humanity must have naturally wished to see concluded, on the other hand, it will lay the foundation of a peace, which he trusted would be lasting and enduring.

On Monday, the Lord Mayor of London made his official proclamation of peace from the portico of the Mansion House, and afterwards at the Exchange.

The Baltic Fleet no longer exists in official recognition; it was merged into the Home Fleet yesterday, on which day Admiral Dundas and Admiral Bayues gave up their respective appellations of Commander in Chief and second in command of the Baltic Fleet. The Captain of the said fleet, the Hon. F. T. Pelham, changed his position at the same time. The whole fleet now at Portsmouth is placed under the command in chief of Admiral Seymour, the Port Admiral. Immediately after the review it is rumored that 10,000 seamen will be discharged from the fleet; these will consist of the most part of the men drawn from the Coast Guard at the outset of the war, and such others as have served fully and longer than the usual term of commission. It is said that there will be a permanent channel fleet of exercise and training consisting of twelve sail of the line and adjuncts.—*Times.*

It may be confidently expected that the year 1857 will be far advanced before the last man and the last cargo of shells can pass the Dardanelles on their way homeward; nor can we think that any haste is necessary in completing the evacuation. We have accumulated large stores and assembled a great army for the defence of Turkey, and there is no reason that we should incur the expense of new transports and a greater employment of labor, in order to bring back with such speed as may gratify the desire of those whom we saved, to be quickly rid of us. The presence of the Western forces in the East is now only a question of months. The British army is said to be provided with food and accessaries for nearly 12 months.

The Times of the 4th says, the English funds remain without any material variation, but the tone of the market is firm. There was little inquiry for money, and loans were obtainable on good securities at 5½ to 6 per cent. The extent of business was again moderate, attention continuing to be directed to the more speculative descriptions of investment. Up to the present moment no instructions appear to have been received at our Custom Houses to allow vessels to clear for Russian ports, but an immediate intimation to that effect is looked for. Numerous agents have already been despatched to St. Petersburg and elsewhere, and a number of unfounded rumors regarding contracts for railways and other public works are already in circulation.

The editor of "Le Nord," M. Cappelmans, has petitioned the French Government for leave to have his journal circulated in France. There is a chance of this request being granted, as the paper has sensibly modified its politics since the signature of peace.

ITALY.—The latest advices from Parma represent the state of the siege in that city to be carried out with the utmost rigor. Everything is subjected to military dictation. The Austrian General, Grenneville, appears to be the real Governor of the city.

Upwards of three hundred arrests have been made.

The annexation of the Kingdom of Oude had been accomplished without any disturbance.

Lord Canning had been sworn in as Governor General of India on the 1st of March.

A general scarcity was apprehended throughout India in consequence of the want of rain.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, April 4.—The Broker's Circular quotes the market firm, sales of the week footing up 68,000 bales. Prices had considerably advanced. The lower qualities have improved ¼d., and those above middling 1 16th. Orleans Middling, 6d; do Fair, 6¾; Uplands Middling 5¾; do Fair, 6¾d.—the market closing steady.

BREADSTUFFS.—The market for Breadstuffs is generally unchanged and quiet; Western Canal Flour, 30s 9d@; Ohio, 35s@3s 3d. Corn closed steady at 30s. The weather has been favorable.

PROVISIONS.—The provision market is generally unchanged and quiet.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, April 6.—Consols are quoted at 93¼.

The sales of Cotton at Liverpool had amounted to 14,000 bales to speculators and 5,000 to exporters. Lard was quiet. There were large arrivals still on shipboard. Tallow had slightly advanced.

Rosin was less active. Spirits of Turpentine and Linseed Oil were in better demand. Sugar had advanced one shilling, closing quiet. Coffee was steady.

The London markets were active. Bars and rails are quoted at £9 to £9.

Money was unchanged.

The advices from Manchester were more favorable.

The weather has been favorable for agricultural purposes.

HAVRE COFFEE MARKET.—During the week ending 1st inst., the daily sales averaged about 1,000 bales New Orleans ires ordinaire, at 92f.

LIVERPOOL PRODUCE MARKET.—Sales of potashes at 25s@26s; pearls, the Rosin is active. Tallow slightly dearer. Spirits of turpentine and linseed all in better demand. Sugar is dearer, but closed quiet. Coffee steady.

THE JEWISH PASSOVER.—The Israelites keep this week as their Passover or Paschal, being a festival among them which derives its English name from God's passing over the houses of the Israelites and sparing their first born, when those of the Egyptians were put to death. The name of Passover, or Paschal Lamb, was likewise given to the lamb slain in memory of that deliverance. The festival lasted seven days, beginning on the evening of the 14th of the month Nisan, and commenced with killing the lamb, as detailed in all Exodus. It is customary now to keep the eighth day, because the Rabbis knew not the exact time, and therefore made a day more to cover the time with certainty. The father of every Jewish family, before the evening repast on the Sabbath, reads from the Scriptures and explains to his family the occasion, and impresses on the mind of every member of it gratitude to Almighty God for the deliverance of his people from the bondage of Egypt. It is certainly not an uninteresting fact that for 3847 years, the celebration of the deliverance of a people from bondage should have been uninterruptedly observed; and that in all lands and under all governments, where they may have been driven or have sought an asylum, they have continued in the same manner, and according to the same formulary, to renew the sacred rites of that eventful night which settled their rights as a free nation, and typified to the Christian world their great propitiatory offering.

NEWS ITEMS.

In one of our up-town and rather out-of-the way congregations, three or four Sundays ago, a voice spake out, in response to an energetic and fervent asseveration and warning of the reverend speaker: *"That's so! that's the talk!"* It electrified the whole "meeting," as well it might. The sexton requested the man to leave the pew and the sanctuary. "What for?" he asked. "Why," replied the sexton, in a low tone, "you are interrupting the services." "Not a bit of it—same as 'Amen!' in a Methodist meeting!" The sexton thought differently, and walked the poor half-lucatic out of the broad aisle into which he had vacantly wandered.—*New York Paper.*

A Boston paper having expressed the opinion that a war with England would lead to the conquest of Canada by the United States, the Albany Knickerbocker, replies: "Nonsense—it might lead to its annexation, but not its conquest. Canada has three millions of inhabitants the whole of whom are as well acquainted with the rifle as we are. Canada cannot be conquered, and we rejoice that such is the fact. We want no "whipped communities" to come into the confederacy, and Canada is sure to do this inside of twenty years.

A LIE-A-BED.—Disappointed love works queer results, but never queerer than in the case of Wm. Sharp, of Keighley, Eng., who on account of matrimonial disappointment took his bed *forty-nine years ago*, and never once left it till he was carried to his grave, on the 8th ult.

The Batavia (N. Y.) Advocate notices a very remarkable cow, owned by Hiram Wood, of that town. She is a red Devon, eight years old this spring, and has had thirteen calves. In 1854, she had two calves at a birth, last year she had four, and this spring three, all full grown and well-formed.

On Saturday the Massachusetts Senate refused to admit the memorial of Robert Morris, in behalf of J. W. Clark and others, who had petitioned for leave to organize a colored military company.

DECLINE OF CHURCH ATTENDANCE.—The Colporteur, the organ of the American and Foreign Bible Society, says that of the one million of people in New York city and the places immediately adjacent, there are more than 800,000 who do not attend public worship. In Philadelphia and Boston, it is ascertained that at least three-fourths of the people habitually absent themselves from church, and the same is true of other places. The religious denominations, too, have greatly decreased in numbers within the past ten years. The membership in the New York Baptist churches has decreased 362 since 1845, although the population has increased 201,905. The Presbyterians, in ten years, from 1848 to 1858, had decreased in numbers 660. The Methodists in the same time had lost 461: and there has been but one self supporting Reformed Dutch church planted in that city during fifteen years. And yet, we may add, the churches of certain talented and earnest ministers were never more fully attended.

MORMONS IN OHIO.—Nathan Brown, aged 53, is now in Butler county (Ohio) jail, charged with bigamy. He is said to have nine wives living, and is imprisoned on the charge aforesaid, on complaint of his *seventh* wife, a resident of Hamilton, Ohio.

The celebrated eccentric preacher, Lorenzo Dow, a short time before his death, predicted that the 27th of March, 1856, would bring the greatest freshets ever known in this country. The 27th has passed, and yet there has been no freshet. Lorenzo guessed wrong that time.

Mr. H. G. Malon, of Chester county, in this State, has a cow of inestimable value. She has been milked for forty weeks, and has averaged nine pounds of butter per week, which makes three hundred and sixty pounds, besides supplying the family, consisting of five persons, with cream and milk. The sale of butter at thirty cents per pound, would amount to $108.

A PASHA ATTENDING CHURCH.—A letter from Jerusalem states that on a recent Sabbath his excellency Kiamil Pacha, attended the English service with his two secretaries, and followed as far as the door by a long train of servants. Who would have anticipated such an occurrence a few years since?—the English church bells ringing in the Holy City, and a Turkish Pasha walking gravely to church.

From a recent communication of the Secretary of State to the House of Representatives, we learn that the total number of passengers arrived in the United States for the year 1855 was upwards of 230,000. Over 160,000 of these arrived in New York. Germany furnished 66,000, Ireland 49,000, and England 39,000, in round numbers. The total number of passengers arrived in this country since the 30th of April, 1843, is 8,400,000.

The severity of the winter has nearly proved fatal to the sweet potato crop in the Southern States. Georgia alone produced last year nearly 7,000,000 bushels, but there will not be a tithe of that amount in that State this year.

The two treaties for the benefit of the Indian tribes in Michigan, recently ratified by the Senate, make provision for their occupation of lands in that State in separatity instead of in common, and direct the annuities to their moral and industrial improvement. The treaty with certain Indian tribes in New Mexico, likewise recently ratified, proposes to concentrate them apart from the injurious influences of the whites, and encourage them in the pursuits of the arts of peace and civilization.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.—A Protestant Minister was lately arrested in Spain for promulgating doctrines contrary to the established religion. A Judge at Barcelona, however, has since decided that the Spanish Constitution establishes religious toleration, and the minister in question has been discharged.

PURGATORY IN A BLAZE.—Purgatory mountain, near Buchanan, Botetourt county, Va., was on fire last week. The vast sheet of flame, at night, it is said, presented a sublime spectacle. Great destruction of timber and fences was the result.

THE INDIAN WAR IN OREGON.—Among the official documents received from Oregon is a letter from Joel Palmer, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, who, confirming the statements of Gov. Curry, says the present difficulty in Southern Oregon is wholly attributable to the acts of the whites, adding:—"I cannot but feel it to be our duty to adopt such measures as will tend to secure the lives of these Indians, and maintain the guarantees secured by treaty stipulations. The future will prove that this war has been forced upon these Indians against their will; and that, too, by a set of reckless vagabonds, for pecuniary and political objects, sanctioned by a numerous population who regard the treasury of the United States as a legitimate object of plunder. The Indians in that district have been driven to desperation by acts of cruelty against their people. Treaties have been violated and acts of barbarity committed by those claiming to be citizens, that would disgrace the most barbarous nations of the earth. If none but those who perpetrated such acts were to be affected by this war, we might look upon it with indifference, but, unhappily, this is not the case."

A NOVEL HORSE SHOE.—Mr. Thomas Lenard has on exhibition at the Inn of the Pennsylvania Farmer, No. 361 Market street, a new patent horse shoe which is so constructed that it requires no nails, and can be put on by any one without the aid of a blacksmith. Attached to the shoe is a flange extending around the hoof and at the back of the shoe, which lies over the frog of the horse's foot, is a joint, held in its place by a screw, which allows the shoe to open and close, so as to accommodate itself to the size of the hoof. Between the hoof and the plate is placed a layer of gutta percha, for the purpose of preventing injury to the hoof or leg of the horse by concussion while passing over hard roads or streets. These shoes are also furnished at about one-half the price of the ordinary shoe.

NOVELS GOING OUT.—The Publishers' Circular says: "The novels and books of light reading published this winter, have proved less successful than in late years, and it is difficult now to get a publisher to look at a manuscript of this character. The public are variable in taste. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' inaugurated an era in the business which seems drawing to a close. 'Domestic Tales' are beginning to be at a discount. The booksellers scattered through the country, who had standing orders for six, twelve, twenty-five, or more copies of every new dollar-and-a-quarter book, are diminishing or entirely withdrawing their orders. What shall we have next? Shall it be biography, history, poetry, or essays? or will some brilliant genius among the authors strike out a new path?"

POLITICAL NEWS.

KANSAS.—We have advices to the 12th. The Committee of the Free State Legislature was in session at Topeka, preparing a code of laws to be presented to the Legislature in July.

CALIFORNIA.—The Democratic State Convention of California have appointed Delegates to the Democratic National Convention at Cincinnati. The Convention adopted resolutions approving of the main features of the Nebraska Bill, and declaring James Buchanan their first choice for President. A letter states that the delegates are also to urge the nomination of Dr. Gwin for Vice President.

The Senate of California had rejected the resolution of the House condemnatory of the election of Speaker Banks.

NEW YORK.—The Common Council of Albany have thrown out the returns from the seventh and a portion of the eighth ward as fraudulent, and declared the American candidate elected.

NEW JERSEY.—In Trenton, the Democratic Mayor has been elected by 230 majority. There is a tie in the Council.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Pittsburg Gazette states that there are about 120 Opposition papers in Pennsylvania, and gives a list of 109, by name, of which 30 support the Fillmore ticket, 37 hold off, and 42 oppose it.

The American nominations for Philadelphia are—Mayor, Henry D. Moore; Solicitor, F. Carroll Brewster; Controller, S. Snyder Leidy; Receiver of Taxes, John Kelly; City Com., R. G March.

The Republican nominations are—Mayor, Wm. B. Thomas; Solicitor, Wm S. Pierce; Receiver of Taxes, Geo. Simpson; Controller, Lewis S. Heiness; City Com., J. N. Hackney.

THE PRESIDENCY.—Speaker Banks positively declines being considered a candidate for the Republican nomination for President or Vice President. Moses H. Grinnell is prominently mentioned for the latter.

FROM NICARAGUA.—The news of the defeat of Walker's troops, under Col. Schlessinger, was brought to Panama by the Dutch steamer Emilee, from San Jose. Col. Schlessinger, with 400 men, was well fortified at the hacienda of Santa Rosa, when he was attacked on the 20th of March, by a party of 500 Costa Ricans, under Gen. Mora, and entirely defeated. The nineteen prisoners court martialled and shot by the Costa Ricans, were chiefly Irish and Germans.

The accounts say that Col. Schlesinger's troops were surprised, the Costa Ricans, after firing one volley, leaping the walls, and with the knife and bayonet cutting down all they encountered, and dispersing or taking prisoners the remainder. The Costa Ricans had sixteen killed and twenty-five wounded.

An express arrived at Puenta Arenas states that 90 of Walker's men were found dead, and it was supposed that others had perished in the woods. The official details from Gen. Mora are published in the San Jose papers.

The previous accounts stated that Costa Rica was in a state of great excitement, the war being popular with all classes. Many foreign residents had tendered their services to the government. A body of 9,000 men had been ordered, and a loan of $100,000.

Puenta Arenas was full of troops, under Baron Bulow.

The principal army, 3,000 strong, under Gen. Mora, was marched upon Nicaragua, and would cross the frontier in eight days.

Gen. Mora, in a despatch to the Minister of War, states that the attack lasted 14 minutes, when the filibusters broke and fled, terrified to the woods, closely followed by the Costa Ricans, leaving the field strewed with dead. Among the Costa Ricans six officers were killed.

Private letters state that, at last accounts, Gen. Mora had embarked for Puenta Arenas. Before his departure the foreign residents at Liberia, his then head-quarters, gave him a public entertainment. His troops were in high spirits and well armed.

The cholera and fever were making great ravages in Nicaragua, among the natives and Walker's army.

Some of Walker's people had taken the English mail at eamer from Greytown for Costa Rica.

THEATRICAL SCENE.—The following affair recently happened at the Forest City Theatre, Cal., a small Thespian temple in the interior:—"The company, among whom were Mrs Sinclair, were playing some popular piece, when a huge, red-whiskered gambler, well known in that vicinity, attempted to rush by the doorkeeper without paying. The official, after a brief struggle to prevent him, allowed the offender to pass; but, as the curtain fell, he entered the parquette with the design of thrusting him out. A scuffle ensued, and the little house being crowded from 'pit to dome,' a general yell of 'put him out!' arose. At this moment, another gambler rushed in to the assistance of his partner, and in the row the two intruders fired five shots of a revolver, right and left among the audience. The result of this promiscuous shooting was the wounding of four men, some of them seriously. Strange to say, the ruffians were allowed to go scot free, no one having the courage to attempt their arrest. A lady, who was one of the party in the dress circle, and near whom two men were shot, was asked if she was not frightened, 'Oh, no,' said she, with the utmost *sang froid*, 'we often have bullets whistle past our cheeks, or pass through our bonnets, but we have become used to that long since.'"

NEW YORK.—The Harbor Fortifications of New York are being completed and the armament being supplied them. This work is done by order of the Secretary of War. Fort Schuyler, at Throg's Neck, commanding the East River, is now destitute of armament, though otherwise completed. It will be mounted with three hundred and eighteen guns. Fort Columbus and Castle William are both armed, and when South Battery has received its armament, the united force of the three will be one hundred and ninety-seven guns. Ellis and Bedloe Islands are at present armed, having together ninety-two guns. Fort Richmond, on the Staten Island side of the Narrows, is in process of construction, and work is going on there rapidly. Batteries Hudson and Morton, on the same shore, are already armed. Fort Lafayette, nearly opposite, on Long Island, is completed, and will be supplied with seventy-six guns. Fort Hamilton has now a full armament of one hundred and eighteen guns. New York before many months will be in a tolerably good state of defence against any sea attack.

BALTIMORE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There was quite an active inquiry for Flour. Sales of 2,200 bbls Howard street at $6.62½, closing steady. Also, 400 bbls Ohio at $6.50, and about 100 bbls City Mills at the same price. Sales of 200 bbls Howard street at $6.75, and the market closed very quiet.

RYE FLOUR.—We quote at $4.75@4.87½, and a sale of 100 bbls very choice at $5.

Family and extra Flour.—We quote Patapsco family by the quantity at $10; extra do $9.12½, Howard street and Ohio family $9.50; extra do $7.25@7.50 ₱ bbl.

CORN MEAL.—We quote quantity at $3.75@4.87, and city nominal at $3.50 ₱ bbl; and dull.

BUCKWHEAT MEAL.—Sales are making by the quantity at $1.62½ @1.75, and retail at $1.87½@2 ₱ 100 lbs.

GRAIN AND SEEDS.—Wheat.—There is a steady demand for Wheat. Shippers and millers purchase freely. About 12,000 bushels offered, and partly sold at $1.65@1.75 for fair to prime red, and $1.80@1.90 for white, and very choice $1.90; red do, good to prime, $1.62@1.68.

CORN.—A firmer feeling, and prices slightly improved. There were 14,000 bushels offered, and sales of white, measurement, at 51c. It is worth 52½c, weight; yellow do, measurement 52c, and weight 56@57c.

OATS.—There were 1,200 bushels offered, and sales of good to prime at 32@35c, as to lots.

SEEDS.—Stock of Clover now on hand very light, and the season nearly over. Sales are mostly in retail lots of good to prime at $3.75@4.00. We quote Timothy dull at $3@3.50. Flaxseed $1.60@1.65 ₱ bush.

WHISKEY.—The market is quiet and firm, and prices somewhat lower. Sales of 100 bbls Ohio at 24c, cash; small sales at 24½@25c, cash and time.

April 21—Flour is steady at former quotations. Wheat is 5c lower, with a wide range of prices. Corn is firm and unchanged.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

At market 900 Beeves, about 150 stores, 2,325 Sheep and Lambs and 4,000 Swine.

PRICES.—Market Steer—Extra, $9@9½; first quality, $8@ second do, $8@8½; third do; $7.

Barreling Cattle Steer.

Working Oxen—$140, $145, $150@$165.

Milch Cows—$40, 42, 45, $50@$70.

Veal Calves—$5, 5, 7@8.

Three year olds—$20@25, 25@30.

Hides—7½ per lb. (None but slaughter at this market.)

Calf Skins—12c per lb.

Tallow—11@12c, rough 8½c.

Sheep and Lambs—6, 7, 8@9c per lb, $4@5 per head.

Veals—@1@1½. Pulled Wool—a—@—.

REMARKS.—Wholesale Beef, retail trade; fat Hogs, undressed, 8@9c; old Hogs 8c @ lb.

N. B.—Hogs.—Those are sold by the head, at prices equal to the value per lb of the estimated weight of Hogs in the quarter, together with the 6th quarter, or the hide and tallow at the same price.

Market Beef.—Extra are the largest fat oxen, and are highly stall fed. First quality comprises large oxen, stall fed at least three months. Second quality includes great and half fed oxen, well rattled cows and the best three year old steers. Third quality takes up the odds and ends of droves.

Barreling Cattle are large old oxen, and very fleshy. Stores consist of working oxen, cows and calves, and one, two, and three years old.

Milch Cows.—The prices of these depend altogether upon the fancy of the purchaser.

Sheep and Lambs.—Extra consists of choice bucks and fancy ewes for stock.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
April 21st, 1856

The Africa's advices have had very little effect on the markets, and business during the last week has been only moderate; Cotton, Flour, Wheat and Rye continue in limited request at former figures, Coal and Iron are unchanged, with moderate receipts and sales. The demand for Cotton operators active and holders have realized a further advance. In Groceries the movement has been confined to Sugars, at which quite sizable sales have been made to the refiners at full prices. Provisions are in fair request, and holders are firmer in their demands, with more business doing. Hemp is quiet. Hides and Leather are without change. Seeds—Clover seed is scarce and wanted, at a further advance. Other kinds neglected. Whiskey is lower. Wool is steady. In other articles there are no important changes to notice since the close of last week. The following are some of the principal articles exported from this port for the week:

WEST INDIES.					
Flour	bbls.	1,440	Cheese	lbs.	2,754
Corn Meal	"	650	Candles	"	23,400
Rye do	"	100	Soap	"	23,490
Ship Bread	"	200	Tobacco	"	14,292
Pork and Beef	"	155	Fish	"	62,200
Naval Stores	"	95	Tallow	"	10,731
Potatoes	"	100	Corn	bus.	1,300
Bacon,	lbs.	25,618	Peas	"	172
Lard,	"	20,725	Rice	"	361
Butter	"	2,975	Ale	hds.	205
ENGLAND.					
Flour	bbls.	100	Corn	bus.	18,525
Oil	bbls.	10	Bacon	lbs.	1,407,000
Wheat	bus.	7,657			
BRITISH N. A. COLONIES.					
Flour	bbls.	200	Vinegar	bbls.	105
Corn Meal	"	2,823	Sugar	hhds.	77
Rye do	"	150	Peas	bush.	2,900
Naval Stores	"	51	Rice	lbs.	19
OTHER FOREIGN PORTS.					
Flour	bbls.	2,870	Domestics	pkgs.	194
Ship Bread	"	400	Tea	"	216

ASHES.—Prices are on the advance, and there is little or no stock in first hands.

BARK continues in steady demand, with further sales of about 150 tons in lots, on arrival at $28 for No. 1.

BEESWAX is wanted at 26c, at which rate about 2,000 lbs have been taken for shipment, most holders, however, ask more.

BREAD.—The market is more active, but without any variation to note in prices, which remain the same.

CANDLES.—The demand for all kinds continues moderate, within the range of quotations.

COAL.—Orders come in slowly, and there has not been much doing this week; prices show no alteration.

COFFEE.—The firmness of holders has limited the operations of the week to some 300 bags Rio, principally for small lots at 11@12c, as to quality, on the usual terms; in other kinds the sales have also been small within the above range of prices; about 1,000 mats Java have been sold at 14½@15c, on time.

COTTON.—The market opened with a good speculative demand, and buyers and sellers freely at fully previous quotations. A pause, however, was apparent in the early part of the week, but the continued upward tendency of prices at the South, rates have again improved, and under the more favorable accounts from abroad are fully 1c better. The sales in all reaching about 3,000 bales, mostly taken on speculation at 10½ to 11¼c for Uplands, and 11¾@12c for New Orleans and Mobile, cash and time.

The following is the movement in this staple from the 1st Sept. to the latest dates:

	1855.	1855.	1854.	1853.
Rec. at the Ports,	2,356,000	2,041,000	2,812,000	2,984,000
Ex. to Britain,	1,220,000	1,015,000	847,000	1,227,000
Ex. to France,	370,000	307,000	396,000	391,000
Ex. other for. ports,	372,000	180,000	182,000	202,000
Total exports,	2,290,000	1,471,000	1,375,000	1,820,000
Stock on hand,	540,000	340,000	440,000	679,000

DRY GOODS.—Business has been more active this week, the demand being principally for the interior of our own State. Prices are well sustained for large. All description of goods are firm, and for nine kinds prices have an upward tendency. Cottonades have advanced about 1c ₱ yard.

DRUGS AND DYES.—The wholesale transactions have been limited this week, and prices exhibit very little alteration; the tendency, however, has been very heavy, and selling largely to the interior.

FEATHERS continue scarce, with small receipts, and sales of good Western at 32@35c, as to lots.

FRUIT.—Several cargoes of Shelly have arrived, and some are to leave Oranges and Lemons have been disposed of from the wharf at from $1 to $each, as to condition. Otherwise there is very little selling, and the market is unchanged. Domestic Fruit is scarce.

HAY.—The country demand is very good, and sales of Meadow are now pressing to lots to the trade at 82½ for large lots, and the same rates for large 2's, and $2.5 for sheds do, the latter are very scarce. Cargo sales are reported at $7.50 for Meadow 2's; $7.25 for large 2's, and $15 for medium.

HOPS.—Credit and liberal terms are wanted to prevents sales.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Foreign news has depressed the market, and holders of Flour, in order to meet the views of buyers, have submitted to a further decline of 25c ₱ bbl, without sales to any extent. There is very little inquiry for export, and sales to all only reach some 2500 bbls, mostly taken for small lots in Pennsylvania, Western and Baltimore superfine at $6.25@7, selected brands at $7@7.25, and extra fall bbls $7.50 the pair. The closing sales were of straight western at our lowest figure, at which rate there are more sellers than buyers, and the market closed dull. For some use the demand has also been limited at from $7 to 7.50 for common and good extra Genesee brands, and $8 bbl for extras, according to quality, the latter for fancy family Flour. Rye Flour is dull. Some 300 bbls were disposed of early in the week at $5, but there are now sellers at $4.12½ ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is stationary, with sales of about 2000 bbls country Meal, in small lots, at $3 ₱ bbl. The inspections for the week are Flour, 1,800 bbls Rye, 2297 bbls Corn Meal, 100 puncheons do, and 800 bbls Pearl.

GRAIN.—There has been rather more offering and selling this week, but prices generally favor the buyers. About 25,000 bus Wheat have been taken, mostly in small lots for milling, at 180@190c for Reds, and 190@195c for White, of fair and prime quality, including 10,000 bus good White sold for shipment at 195c. The receipts to-day were 6,000 bus, and 2,000 bus of the market at the latter rate. Rye—Limited sales, and some small lots have been taken at 110@112c, as to quality. Corn has been more active, and some 40@50,000 bus Southern and Pennsylvania Yellow were taken, mostly for shipment at 87@88c, closing at our lowest figures. Oats are rather dull to-day, 35,000 bus have been sold at 37@38c, as in quality, mostly at 38c.

GUANO.—The demand continues active, with fair sales at the regular prices.

GINSENG.—There is little or none offering or selling to alter quotations.

HEMP.—The stock is nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers, and there is nothing doing to alter quotations.

HIDES continue in request, and sales most full prices. There have been no arrivals to notice this week.

HOPS remain dull, with small business generally to notice at 8@9c for Eastern and Western.

HONEY.—The increase of Cuba have been sold at 7c, 4 mos.

IRON.—By foreign intelligence, we do not learn that there has been any change worthy of special note either in the Bar or Pig Iron market. In American Pig transactions have fallen off, and the inquiries for our owner's holders have been unusually firm. Our mills generally are working full time, and American Bars are specially in request. The stock of Rails, though large, is moving off under active demand. Rails continue in good request, and are firm at quotations. Transactions during the week in Pig have been moderate, reaching 1200 tons. Prices are as at quotations—$27 for No. 1; $26 for No. 2, and $25 for No. 3. Cold Blast Charcoal Iron selling at $37@ Blooms at $70 to $80, as per quality and brand; Bars at $70 to 75; Nails at $4 to 4.25, and Rails at $45, cash.

LEAD.—The market is rather dull. Two imports of Spanish, in all about 3500 pigs, have arrived, one of which was previously sold and reported.

LIME.—The inquiry continues active at fully former quotations, the demand being far in advance of the supply.

LUMBER.—Supplies by canal are expected soon, and there is a better feeling in the market generally. Several cargoes of Cedar Shingles have been disposed of on terms not public.

MOLASSES.—New Orleans is in better demand at improved rates, and some 1,000 bbls have changed hands at 32½c, on time. About 300 bbls Cuba have been sold, terms not public.

NAVAL STORES.—Spirits Turpentine is firmer, with a moderate business doing at 34@35c ₱ gallon, cashed time. Of Rosin, sales of 1,500 have been made at $1.72½@1.75 for common, and $3.62½@3.75 ₱ bbl for fine. Nothing now in Pitch or Tar, and sales moderate.

OILS.—There is only a small business to notice in Sperm and Whale, without change in prices. Lard Oil is dull at 90@95c. Linseed is unsettled, with small sales only to note at about the former rates.

PLASTER.—Continues scarce. The last sales were at $3.50 ₱ ton.

PROVISIONS.—Barrelled Meats are scarce, and Mess Pork is firmer, small sales of Western have been made at $17.50@ 18.00 cash and short time; City Mess Beef sells at wants at $17.50@18 ₱ bbl. In Bacon the transactions are limited to the wants of the trade, at 11@11½c for untrogged and 12@12½c for bagged Hams; 9½c for Sides, and 8½c for Shoulders. Some 300 casks Green Meats have been disposed of, mostly in lots to arrive, at 9½c for Hams, 7½c for Shoulders, and 9½c for Sides, part Hams, the latter are now very scarce. Lard is steady at 10@10½c for bbls, and 11@c for kegs. Butter and Cheese are unchanged, and moderate sales.

RICE.—Holders are firm, with a fair business doing at 4½@5c, in lots.

SALT.—No change in the market; an import of about 7200 sacks Liverpool ground just in, was sold on terms not public. Some 300 sacks fine, from the same cargo, are offered at 90c.

SEEDS.—The receipts of Clover seed having fallen off, prices have further advanced, and 600 bushels, all that could be had, have been taken at $6.25 for old, and $6.50@6.62½ ₱ bushel for new crop, including some lots to go out of the market at the latter rate. Timothy is in good sense, and some small lots have been disposed of at $2@2.50 ₱ bush, as to quality. Flaxseed is also quotable and sales of domestic are reported at $1.70@1.75 ₱ bush, measure and weight.

SPIRITS.—There are no changes to note in Brandy or Gin. A cargo of the former has arrived from Rochelle, but only a few packages have as yet been disposed of at high prices; it has not commenced selling. N. E. Rum is steady at 30c. Whiskey is unsettled and lower, large sales of bbls having been made at 23@23c for Pennsylvania. Some holders ask more. Hhds are also quoted at the same rates.

SUGARS.—The market, generally, has been more active, and about 2500 hhds have been taken, mostly for refining, at the close of last week, including Cubas, New Orleans, Porto Rico, within the range of quotations, on the usual terms. At the close prices are fully 4c better. The refiners have reduced their rates 1c.

TALLOW.—Is moving off quite freely at 10½ @10¾c for city rendered.

TOBACCO.—There is a firm market, with a fair business doing for the season.

WINES.—Prices of all kinds are firm, with a small business doing to note; a sale of Malaga was made at 75 cts, usual time.

WOOL.—The week's transactions have been to a moderate extent for the season, without change in quotations; the inquiry is mostly for the better grades, the stock of which in this market is very full and complete.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

AT ALLERTON'S.—The supply of fleet Cattle was rather below last week, notwithstanding which fleet the market is a shade easier, say half a cent the pound. The quality of the stock in the yards was rather inferior, and the sales were in consequence slow, as compared with last market day. The impediments to transportation, on all the great avenues of communication with the West, are now entirely removed, and with an abundance of feed in all the principal stock producing States, there is nothing to prevent a good supply of fleet Cattle for several months to come, so that from present indications, prices are likely to rule comparatively low during the summer. Some of the finest Beeves on sale were from the Western States; the best selections realized an average of 12c, while some of the very poorest sold down as low as 8c, a fair average being 10c. Stock on sale during the week, 2,475, and for the day 2,285, with the prospect, when our reporter left, of a considerable number being left over unsold.

Cows and Calves rather dull, and prices favor the purchaser. Veal Calves are decidedly more abundant, and prices have receded very materially,—the range being from 4 to 6½ ₱ lb. live weight; some very poor calves were sold even below the inside figure. Swine are very dull of sale, and prices very irregular. Sheep and Lambs being in small supply, brought full prices; for which, see quotations at the lower yards.

PRICES.—Beef Cattle, extra quality per lb, 11½@11¾c, 12c; do good quality, 10¾@11c; do common, 9¾@10¼c; do inferior, 8½@9c. Cows and Calves extra, $65@70; do good, $50@55; do common, $35@45. Veals, Sheep: extra Sheep and Lambs, 8½@9c; do extra, $6.37½@7.50.

AT BROWNING'S.—329 fleet Cattle at $8.50@10.00; 54 Cows and Calves at $35@65; 70 Veal Calves at 4@6c; 450 Sheep and Lambs at 5½@7½c.

AT CHAMBERLAIN'S.—168 Beef Cattle at $9.00@10.00; 62 Cows and Calves at $25, 37½@60; 60 Veal Calves (live weight) at 4@6c; 2,475 Sheep and Lambs at 6@7½c.

AT O'BRIEN'S.—62 Beeves, $8.00@10.50; 125 Cows and Calves at $25.00@60.00; 60 Veal Calves at 5@6c.

RECAPITULATION.

	Beeves.	Cows and Calves.	Veal Calves.	Sheep and Lambs.
Allerton's	2,470	46	845	332
Browning's	329	54	70	450
Chamberlain's	168	62	60	1,975
O'Brien's	62	125	60	
Total	3,029	287	1,035	2,400

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 218—Adults 90, and children 128.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

There was offered at the Yards during the week 1,200 Beef Cattle; 200 Cows and Calves, 2,500 Hogs, and 4,500 Sheep and Lambs.

BEEF CATTLE, &c.—The fine ones were all sold at from @c to 11 the 100 lbs., the latter for prime fat cattle which are scarce.

Cows and Calves brought @2@50 each.

Veals are steady and firm at 7c per lb.

The Hogs were mainly all sold to the city butchers at 8½c the 100 lbs as to quality.

Sheep became scarcer, and in market found buyers at from $4.50 to $5.50 each as to condition.

HAY.—There is very little change in prices, as good lots are steady at $1.00@1.10 the 100 lbs.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

COFFEE has ruled firm and moderately active; the sales include 2000 bags Rio at 11½@12c; 200 bags Bahia at 10½; 80 bags Laguayra at 12c, and 100 bags Tringe do, on terms not made public.

FLOUR.—The market for the low grades of State Flour is 10c better, but other low grades are without material improvement. Much of the

...COVERY OF MISS OLIVE OATMAN FROM THE MOHAVE INDIANS.

We have received the following interesting account of the rescue of a beautiful young American named Miss Olive Oatman, from a slavish captivity by the Yuma Indians. The whole narrative is of painful interest:

STEAMER SEA BIRD, AT SEA, March 9th, 1856.

Editor of the Herald:—By the last arrival from Fort Yuma, I am enabled to give you the details of the rescue from the Mohave Indians of a young and beautiful American girl who has been a prisoner for five years. Having made considerable inquiry in Los Angeles and vicinity, I have succeeded in collecting all the fact attending her capture, the murder of her parents, etc., which I willingly placed at your disposal.

In the 19th of March, 1851, a family of emigrants named Oatman, from Iowa, *en route* for California, composed of Lorenzo Oatman, wife and seven children, (three boys and four girls,) had encamped about one hundred and twenty-five miles from the mouth of the Gila river, were attacked by the Mohave Indians and all but one girl and two girls massacred in cold blood. The latter in the dark succeeded in escaping, and was picked up on the following day by a company of emigrants, about forty miles from the scene of the murder. The little fellow was perfectly exhausted when found, without hat or shoes, and covered with blood. After recovering sufficiently to tell his tale, some of the men started on to ascertain if anything could be done, and on arriving at the fatal place, found the boy's version, was, alas! too true, the bodies being then half eaten by wolves. Enough, however, was ascertained to know that the two youngest girls were missing. The boy is now living at the "Monte," near Los Angeles, and distinctly remembers that horrible night.

For years nothing had been heard of these two young girls, and their fate appeared to be wrapped in mystery. About five months since, an article or letter was published in the Los Angeles papers, stating that the Yuma Indians had offered to exchange two female prisoners with the officers of Fort Yuma for beads, blankets, &c., and that the latter had refused to trade with or purchase the unfortunate sufferers from the Indians. Col. Heintzman, U. S. A., who was at that time en route for Fort Yuma, immediately inquired into the affair, but found the charges against the officers entirely without foundation; and fearful that, by the possibility, there might be some prisoners of whom he never before heard of, sent out runners to the different tribes, offering heavy ransoms for their delivery; in answer to which a Yuma Indian of the name of Francisco, came in, saying "He could find a young girl ten days travel from the fort." Beads, blankets, etc., were immediately given him, and in twenty days he returned with Miss Olive Oatman. When brought in, she was dressed like all the females of the Yuma Mohave Indians, and on a white man approaching, threw herself prostrate on the sand, and would not rise until suitable female garments were brought her. She had almost entirely forgotten her native tongue, and was only able to speak two or three words. When asked, in the Indian language, her name, she replied "Olive Oatman;" is tatooed on the face, and bears the marks of hard slavery. Her hands, wrists and hands, are largely developed. She was a slave for two years with the Mohaves, who then sold her to the Yumas. Her youngest sister died about six months before the rescue of Miss Oatman. The hair of the young lady being of a beautiful golden color, the Indians colored it black—with a dye made from the bark of the Mesquit tree.

She was eleven years old when taken prisoner, which will make her sixteen now, though she is much more fully developed than many girls of that city.

The officers at the Fort have clubbed together and fitted up a purse for her, and furnishing such clothing as is necessary; also, have placed her in the care of a female residing there, and where great care and attention will be paid to all her wants, and until any relations or friends may come forward to relieve the poor girl from her present unpleasant position, and endeavor to wean her from all savage taste or desire to return to Indian life. I hope that some of our philanthropic San Francisco ladies will offer their services to either provide a home for her, or use their influence in procuring her admission to the Orphan Asylum.

Yours, most truly, JOS. A. FORT.

[The Pacific Ex. Co.'s Messenger, Southern Coast. It is but justice to add that great praise is due the officers at the Fort for the prompt manner in which they came forward and paid the ransom, contributed money, clothing, etc., to Miss Oatman. J. A. F.

ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.—The following table shows the receipts of fifteen Societies during the past year, nearly all of which observe their anniversaries next month, in the city of New York:

	1854.	1855.	1856.
...an Tract Society,	$115,159	$118,174	$115,006
...an Bible Society,	394,749	346 811	381,387
...C. For. Missions,	—	154,292	56,700
...Board For. Missions,	174,153	180,674(est)	190,000
...ome Mission Society,	199,269	186,127	195,518
...or. & Christian Union,	75,761	63,697	62,300
...ian Home Mis. Soc'y,	62,730	54,316	51,541
...ed For. Bible Society,	45,927	40,071 (est)	11,000
...men's Friend Soc'y,	26 173	22 945	21,300
...nti Slavery Society,	12,000	12,000	12,000
...state Colonizn Soc'y,	11,609	17,571	17,987
...emale Guardian Soc'y,	17,870	20,833	27,923
...r for ameliorating the ...ition of the Jews,	11,000	10 891	7,000
...ren's Aid Society,	—	9,899	10,064
		$1,345,363	$1,310,405
			$1,515,363
...e year more than last,			$63,119

A FALL ALREADY.—The foreign papers have the following story as current in Paris: The imperial heir has scarcely made his appearance on the stage of this life, so full of vicissitudes, when, notwithstanding the minute care by which he is surrounded, he is already exposed to dangers that occasionally happen to his infe... The wet nurse has had the misfortune to let the imperial infant escape from her hands, provoked while handling him too softly, and he fell to the ground. He was not picked up immediately by her, as she was so frightened that she ran away for half-an-hour; but the Duchess de Malakoff, who happened to be on the spot, took the Prince in her arms from his irksome nurse. As this accident was happily not attended by any serious consequences, the awkward female attendant was quit, this time, for the fright she had experienced."

EXPERIMENTS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF LIME.—It has been a question whether as good an article of quicklime could be made from the carbonate, of stone and coal alone, as with wood, or with wood and wood combined. It is a known fact that considerable water is contained in wood, and there is very little in coal; about 400 gallons of water are required in the manufacture of every 1,000 bushels of quicklime. It appears that an establishment in Pennsylvania, lime is manufactured with coal alone as fuel. The kiln is burned with anthracite, and the arch with bituminous coal; under the grate is a cold blast driven by a steam engine; and at the top of the kiln and over the bituminous coal is a pipe introducing into the arch a constant jet of steam from the boiler of the engine, which can be regulated as to quantity at pleasure.

THE COLORED PEOPLE OF NEW YORK CITY.—During the sessions of the Committee appointed by the Legislature to look into the condition of tenement houses in New York, one of the Commissioners said: "I am not an Abolitionist; but I tell you what it is, gentlemen, if I were to build tenement houses in New York, I should get colored tenants, if I could. They are more cleanly in their habits than the Irish, or a majority of the lower class of Americans. I have found but one, in the course of our investigations, who was not neat. It matters not how poor they are they are generally clean." The other members of the Committee who were present seemed to endorse the remark.

MASSACHUSETTS.—A gentleman from the eastern part of Hampshire county, Mass., is astonished us by his accounts of the snow in his vicinity. The drifts in some places were 30 feet, or even twenty feet high. The continued cold weather had prevented the snow from settling, and the consequence was its accumulation to an unprecedented amount. A letter from the same gentleman, dated 16th instant, says "no mails or expresses have passed into the town since Sunday, (and then on foot) none can be expected before next week. But one horse has passed on this week, that in the morning, while the snow was soft."

AGRICULTURAL.—*Washington, April 19, 1856.*—Much activity exists in the agricultural branch of the Patent Office, under the direction of Mr. J. D. Brown. A number of gentlemen in various parts of the country are engaged in making experiments in agricultural chemistry, and several interesting reports have just been received.

One, from Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, who has analyzed the corn cob, acquaints the bureau that it contains four and a half parts of nutritive matter, consisting of gum, starch and dextrine.

Another from the same gentleman, who has made geological excursions through the States of North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia furnishes the result of chemical researches on the seed of the cotton plant. He says that cotton seed may be profitably employed in the production of a rich, fat oil, and that the woolly fleece adhering to the hulls may be economized in the manufacture of paper, while the substance of the seeds, or their "meats," after having the oil extracted, may be employed for feeding animals, and also as an excellent fertilizer.

The following is the analysis of the oil cake made from the cotton seed: Carbon 37,740; oxygen 39,668; nitrogen 7,763; hydrogen 6,869; salts (inorganic) 8,960; total 99,985.

On separating the various salts, and reducing them to their ratios for one hundred grains of the oil cake, the following results were ascertained: Alkaline salts, soluble in water, 0.13; phosphate of lime 3.04; potash 0.46; soda 0.53; phosphoric acid, with traces of sulphuric acid and chlorine, 0.84; silisia and oxides of iron and manganese 0.18; loss 0.85. Total 5 50.

The analysis of cotton seed justifies and explains the use made of them by the Southern planters in preparing the soil with the rotted seeds, as a special manure for Indian corn, which draws so largely on the oil for phosphates.

The bureau has been sending out small tubers of the Chinese yam, which was recently introduced into France from the North of China as a substitute for the potato.

THE COSTA RICA VICTORY.—The New York Courier says: We have been favored, by a mercantile friend, with the following extract from the private letter of a perfectly reliable correspondent in Costa Rica:

Last evening arrived notice of the first victory gained over Walker's people. They say 400 filibusters had taken possession of the hacienda of Santa Rosa, a very advantageous position, situated on the top of a hill, and surrounded by stone *corrales* (cattle yards.) The Costa Ricans, in force 500, fired once only, and then rushed on with the bayonets, cleared them out in 14 minutes, and took possession of the ranch. Several letters have arrived, besides the army despatch, all agreeing in the circumstances, so that beyond a probable exaggeration of the number of the Yankees, there is no doubt of the victory. It took place at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and they were to be pursued early next morning by mounted troops, and it is said they are between three of the corps of the Costa Rican army, and in a country where there is not a drop of water, so that they are in a bad way, unless they can reform and cut their way through. One of the prisoners says it is a party who came overland from San Juan del Sur, fell in with a party of eight men, whom they *degol'aron* (murdered), and then came on to Santa Rosa. It seems all the prisoners were *ex capilla* (condemned) on account of the aforesaid murder. An English man-of-war ought to arrive to-day at Punta Arenas, as she was seen outside by the steamer Oregon, and a French one has sailed from Panama for the same destination. The French have orders to treat Walker and his men as pirates, if caught on the water.

THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

DR. RODERT HUNTER desires to announce that, for the information and guidance of those who are suffering from affections of the Throat and Lungs, he has established a Family Medical Paper, entitled "THE SPECIALIST, AND JOURNAL OF DISEASES OF THE CHEST," in which will be found a full exposition of his views on every subject connected with Pulmonary diseases.

The February number contains—in addition to much information which should be read by every one predisposed to or suffering from either Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, or Consumption—an extended explanation of the method of treatment by INHALATION.

Dr. HUNTER would also announce that he has opened branch establishments for the treatment of these diseases at Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

These offices are placed under the professional charge of skilful and accomplished resident Physicians, who have enjoyed, in Europe and in association with him in New York, long and great experience in the treatment of Pulmonary diseases. Patients resident in those cities will, therefore, in future enjoy all the advantages of Dr. HUNTER'S advice and treatment under the most favorable auspices.

These arrangements are rendered necessary by the empiricisms practiced under the name of Inhalation both by wandering quacks, who, in many instances, use Dr. HUNTER'S name for their own purposes, and by the sale of *inhaling instruments* at the drug stores throughout the country. Such influences tend to bring discredit on Inhalation and to discourage persons from availing themselves of this, the only scientific and successful mode of treating diseases of the Respiratory Organs.

In chronic affections of the Throat and Lungs there is no difficulty attending the treatment of cases by correspondence; and for the convenience of those wishing to avail themselves of his treatment, Dr. HUNTER has prepared a List of Questions which will enable them to give a more full and explicit statement of their cases. This List, together with a number of "THE SPECIALIST," will be forwarded on application to either of the following addresses:

New York—Dr. ROBERT HUNTER, No 828 Broadway.
Philadelphia—Dr. F. MORRON, No. 392 Walnut Street.
Baltimore—Dr. J. B. WILLIAMS, No. 824 North Charles Street.

NOTE—Dr. MORRON can always be consulted *personally*, as well as by letter, at his residence, No 392 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

"THE SPECIALIST" is published at $1 a year in advance. A specimen copy sent free, by addressing the Publishers, SHERMAN & Co., Astor House, New York; or the Editor, Dr. ROBERT HUNTER. apr26-tf

PLEASING STATISTICS.

Dr. ROBERT HUNTER, in his "MEDICAL SPECIALIST" for April, announces the gratifying fact that the mortality tables of the City Inspector of New York show that during the first three months of 1856, compared with the first three months of 1854, there has been a diminution in deaths from Consumption of over thirty-one per cent.; and compared with the same months of 1855, a decrease of twenty-five per cent!

The extent and magnitude of Dr. Hunter's practice in diseases of the Throat and Lungs, and his advocacy of Inhalation as the only successful mode of treatment, are well known, and it is somewhat remarkable that it is only within these two years he has been practicing to such an extent in the City of New York.

The editor thus appeals to the good sense of the community on this date:

"If our treatment had been unsuccessful, it must have increased the mortality. If successful, it could not but diminish it in proportion to that success. That that influence has been exerted in the marked decrease in the number of deaths is an inference from the facts, not only legitimate, but, we think, unavoidable; and we claim it not on any personal grounds, but as the natural result of adopting a more direct, simple and common sense treatment. More than a year ago we stated in one of our published letters, that *'if every case of consumption in this city were placed under judicious treatment by Inhalation, the mortality from this disease would be diminished one-half.'* This prediction is now coming to pass.

"What shall we say of those who, through selfishness or envy, have denied the success of Inhalation? Let the public determine. We ask not its judgment on *theories*, but on *facts*. Our professional opinions have been freely given to the world in the full confidence of their truth, and with a firm reliance on the discrimination and justice of the tribunal of public sentiment to which they were submitted. We have met and refuted every argument brought against our theory, and every aspersion cast upon our practice. We now come to lay before the public no isolated cases of cure as heretofore, but the official returns of hundreds."

THE SPECIALIST contains a monthly exposition of Dr. HUNTER'S views, and should be taken by every family. Subscription $1 a year. A specimen number sent free on request.

Editor, Dr. ROBERT HUNTER, Physician for Diseases of the Lungs, No 828 Broadway, New York.

Published by SHERMAN & Co., Astor House, New York. It

NEW GOODS IN GOLD AND SILVER.—Wilmarth, Clausman & Co., 21 Maiden Lane, New York, have on hand, and are offering to the trade the most extensive variety of Gold and Silver Pencil and Pen Cases, Gold Pens, Tooth Picks, &c., we have ever seen. They are also proprietors of the celebrated "Lownde's Patent Pen and Pencil," which, together with the above goods, are for sale by the principal Jewelers in our city. W. C. & Co. make the best finished goods in the market. ap5-3t

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION may easily be acquired by the "*Balm of a Thousand Flowers*." It will remove tan, *pimples*, and *freckles* from the skin, leaving it of a soft and roseate hue. Wet a towel, pour on two or three drops, and wash the face night and morning.

FERRIDGE & Co., Proprietors, New York.

For sale at T. B. PETERSON'S, 102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists feb9-eowdm

IT IS OUR FIRM BELIEF, that in nine cases out of ten, coughs, colds, and all bronchial irritations, however severe, may be cured by the use of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. A single trial only is needed to prove this.

NO EXCUSE FOR GRAY HAIR.

For, by sending to MESSRS. SWEETSER & CO., box 338 Post-office, Baltimore, Md., and procuring a supply of GORHAM'S CHEMICAL HAIR RENOVATOR, you can change your gray hair to its natural or original color, and promote an entire new growth. The price for a single package is $1, or six for $5 Sent by mail, free of postage, on the receipt of a remittance. sep16-eowtf

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above-named Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or sent to their address, properly inclosed, by mail.

CAN EPILEPSY BE CURED?

We think the following letter from a respectable citizen of Mississippi will answer the question, and remove all doubts from every unbiased mind:

GRENADA, Miss., June 5, 1855.

Dr. Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.—Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in relating a case of spasms or fits, cured by your invaluable Pills. My brother, J. J. Ligon, has long been afflicted with this awful disease. He was first attacked while quite young. He would have one or two spasms at one attack at first; but as he grew older, they seemed to increase likewise. Up to the time he commenced taking your Pills, he had them very often and quite severe, prostrating him body and mind. His mind had suffered seriously; but now, I am happy to say, he is cured of those fits. He has enjoyed fine health for the last five months past. His mind has also returned to its original sprightliness. All this I take great pleasure in communicating, as it may be the means of directing others to the remedy that will cure them. Yours, respectfully, &c.

W. P. LIGON.

No person who is suffering from Fits, or Spasms, should neglect sending to Dr. Hance, after this, for a supply of his inestimable medicine. His prices are as follows: one box $3; two $5; twelve $24—sent by mail free, on the receipt of a remittance. Address *Seth S. Hance*, 160 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

TO NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS, throughout the Union.—Dr. Smith hereby notifies all publishers that he will not any longer be responsible for the advertisements of D. Groth & Co. The "*Electrine Oil*" heretofore made by *A. E. Smith* alone, for the firm, will hereafter be made at the new store of Dr. Smith, who will now supply the world with the (genuine) *A. E. Smith's "Electrine Oil,"* to whom all future orders must be directed. The secret has never been parted with, and all pretending otherwise is false.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE CITY.—Improvements are in progress in all parts of the city, and the clink of the hammer and the trowel are heard upon every hand; but the most conspicuous improvement we note is that made in the appearance of those who patronize the cheap and fashionable clothing store of Rockhill & Wilson, No. 111 Chestnut Street, corner of Franklin Place.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. S. PANCOAST, of Philadelphia, Physician for Diseases of the Lungs and Throat by Medicated Inhalation, will visit the West next month, and will be pleased to see all those laboring under affections of the Throat and Chest.

He will be in Pittsburg about the 20th of May, and will remain a few days. ap19-3t

WHY SUFFER WITH SCROFULA when a remedy is at hand? Read the following letter:

DARIEN, WIS., February 18, 1856.

DR. D. JAYNE—Dear Sir:

After five months' confinement to my bed with fever, my left foot and leg commenced swelling, which continued to increase, accompanied by the most fearful pain, until the ends of my leg contracted to such an extent, that I could not straighten it. A SORE soon made its appearance on the inside of the leg between the ankle and knee which rapidly increased in size notwithstanding all my efforts to cure it. For months I lingered in this fearful situation, using *every means in my power to obtain relief* but without effect, in fact most remedies made it worse. TO HAVE MY LEG TAKEN OFF appeared to be my only chance for life, but to this I would not consent, as death to me seemed preferable to such a loss. Despairing of ever being cured, I fortunately noticed in your Medical Almanac the certificates of persons who had been cured of similar diseases by your "Alterative," and without much faith I commenced its use, eight bottles of this medicine, with some of your "Liniment" and "Sanative Pills," have so far restored me as to enable me to WALK AS WELL AS EVER, and to free my leg from *all soreness and pain*. Fearing that there might be some remains of the disease still in my system, I have purchased a further supply of 12 bottles of your Alterative with Liniment and Pills, feeling confident that by their use I shall enjoy perfect health. I know not how to express my gratitude, but beg you to accept the thanks of a truly grateful heart. Yours respectfully,

HENRY WILLIAMS.

The above remedies are prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the country. mh15-7t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th inst. by Friends' Ceremony, THOMAS H. WILSON, of Logansport, Indiana, to LIZZIE E. daughter of Thomas Hopkins, of Burlington, N. J. Indiana and Maryland papers please copy.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr ISAAC WYCKOOP, to Miss JOSEPHINE MAROSAYM, both of this city.

On the 13th inst. by the same, Mr. SAMUEL W. HINES, to Miss ELIZABETH E. RUTE, both of this city. Bucks county papers please copy.

On the 14th instant, by the same, Mr. THEODORE C. ECKSTEIN, to Miss EMMA MATILDA OLDHAM, all of this city.

On the 25th of March, by the Rev. Samuel Miller, SAMUEL BLANCHARD FAIRBAIRN, to MARTHA MCLAINE, both of Mount Holly, N. J.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. C. F. Turner, Mr. JOHN STEVENSON, to Miss MARY A. FOSTER, all of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. HENRY MCCAFFERTY, to Miss ANNA, daughter of the late Edward Mitchell, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. NORMAN HOBART, of Lower Merion, Montgomery county, Pa. to Miss SUSAN HOBART, of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, Mr. FREDERICK HUMMELSTEIN, of California, to Miss MARGARET FOULDS, of Philadelphia.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, D. D., Mr. JOHN C. LEVICK, to Miss MARY A. POPE, both of this city.

At the Union Hotel, Arch street, on the 15th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Buller, Mr. BENJ. F. SWARR, to Miss MARY A. LEHMAN, both of Landisville, Lancaster county, Pa.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. William Urie, Mr. JOHN T. GAZZAM, to Miss ELIZABETH A. COLES, both of Philadelphia.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Dr. F. Hodgson, JOHN BROWNFIELD, of South Head, Indiana, to Miss ELIZABETH R. ELLIS, of this city.

On the 8th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Blackwood, D. D., Mr. ALEXANDER MCKINNEY to Miss JANE WILSON, all of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. William C. Johnstone, Mr. JOHN PULLARTON, to Miss MARTHA GRAY.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., Mr. JOSEPH B. MOORE, to Miss MARY A. PETTIT, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by W. M. Whitehead, Mr. ALBERT BAVINGTON, to Miss ANNE M. BRANTALL.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. JAMES MCPHERON, to Miss MARTHA STEWART, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th inst. in this city, RACHEL HILLMAN, only child of John S. Waters, in the 6th year of her age.

On the 18th inst. ELIZABETH, widow of the late Col. Jas. Boyd, of Piqua, Lancaster county, aged 78 years.

On the 15th inst. ELIZABETH, wife of Jacob Lee, aged 35 years.

On the 18th inst. CATHERINE, wife of Jas McDonald, aged 35 years.

On the 15th inst. Miss CATHARINE HARVEY, aged 48.

On the 14th inst. ISAAC SULLIVAN, aged 30 years.

On the 16th inst. CATHARINE HOLLOWOOD, aged 36.

On the 14th inst. PHINEAS RACHUM, aged 64 years.

On the 18th inst. GARRET HERDAM, aged 72 years.

On the 14th instant, JAMES W. son of John and Sarah Potts, aged 2 years.

On the 14th instant, at Emmetsburg, Maryland, JOHN DEARY, aged 50 years.

On the 12th inst. JAMES MCCORMICK, aged 23 years.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. MARY J. GUHAN.

On the 15th inst. JOHN T. CROWENHILLER, aged 37.

On the 14th inst Mrs. MARY STEVENSON, aged 60.

On the 15th inst. HANNAH WARRINGTON, aged 71.

On the 14th inst. IDA VIRGINIA, daughter of Solomon and Sarah Lightcap, aged 14 months.

On the 15th inst. MARY BONSALL, aged 71 years.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. ANN SINNAMON, aged 65 years.

On the 15th inst. DANIEL Y. ARTHUR, of Frankford.

On the 15th inst. BENJ. WILLIAMSON, son of Joseph and Hannah Nagle, aged 20 months.

On the 16th inst. MARGARET DAVIS, aged 19 years.

On the 16th inst. MARY IDA, daughter of Joel and Ann K. Dare, aged 15 months.

On the 14th inst. THERESA ALMEIDA.

On the 13th inst. WILLIAM F. SLAVEN, aged 13 years.

On the 12th inst. LIZZIE THOMPSON, daughter of B Howard and Rebecca H. Fussell, aged 4 years.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. MARGARET LYNCH, aged 80.

On the 14th instant, MARSH, son of Fergus and Mary McFadden, aged 24 years.

On the 14th inst. ANN E. ELIOTT, daughter of Geo. N and Catharine Sevess, aged 2 years and 9 months.

On the 13th inst. CHARLOTTA, daughter of Wm. and Catharine Ainsworth, aged 3 years.

In Baltimore, on the 12th instant, Mrs. HARRIET RANDALL, aged 52 years.

On the 11th inst. SUSAN S. daughter of Henrietta and the late John Mason, Jr. aged 20 years.

On the 12th inst. MARIA GEE, wife of Wm Hammond, aged 27 years.

On the 13th inst. CHARLES, son of Chas and Maria A. Paulin, aged 2 years and 3 months.

On the 12th inst. HENRY G. son of Mr. James G. and Mary J. Abbott, aged 4 years.

On the 13th inst. ISABELLA SMITH, aged 58 years.

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Wit and Humor.

DIPPING CHARLES LAMB.—"Coleridge," says De Quincey, "told me of a ludicrous embarrassment which Lamb's stammering caused him at Hastings. Lamb had been medically advised to a course of sea bathing; and accordingly, at the door of his bathing machine, whilst he stood shivering with cold, two stout fellows laid hold of him, one at each shoulder, like heraldric supporters; they waited for the word of command from their principal, who began the following oration to them:

"Hear me, men! Take notice of this; I am to be dipped—"

What more he would have said is unknown to land or sea bathing machines; for, having reached the word *dipped*, he commenced such a rolling fire of di-di-di-di, that when at length he descended, a *plomb*, upon the full word *dipped*, the two men, rather tired of the long suspense, became satisfied that they had reached what lawyers call the "operative" clause of the sentence, and both exclaiming at once—

"Oh, yes, sir, we're quite aware of *that*," down they plunged him into the sea.

On emerging, Lamb sobbed so much from the cold, that he found no voice suitable to his indignation; from necessity he seemed tranquil; and again addressing the men, who stood respectfully listening, he began thus:

"Men, is it possible to obtain your attention?"

"Oh, surely, sir, by all means."

"Then listen: once more I tell you, I am to be di-di-di"—and then, with a burst of indignation, "dipped, I tell you—"

"Oh, decidedly, sir." And down the stammerer went for the second time.

Petrified with cold and wrath, once more Lamb made a feeble attempt at an explanation.

"Grant me pa-pa tience; is it mum-um-murder, you me-me mean? Again and a-ga-ga-gain, I tell you, I'm to be di-di-dipped"—now speaking seriously, with the voice of an injured man.

"Oh, yes, sir," the men replied, "we know that—we fully understand it;" and, for the third time, down went Lamb into the sea.

"Oh, limbs of Satan!" he said, on coming up for the third time, "it's now too late. I tell you that I am—no, that I was, to be di-di-di-dipped only once."

"TAKE THE CASE."—A Justice of the Peace, in the Western country, recently delivered the following "charge" to a jury of that ilk, in an action of replevin, brought for the recovery of a canal boat. It is rather an "original effort," in its way:

Gentlemen of the Jury: This is an action of replevin, brought by ——— against ———, for the purpose of obtaining the canal boat Ocean Wave, No. 2, levied on by said ———, as the property of ———. I shall first charge you as to the rule of construing evidence, namely: If you have reason to believe that any one witness in this case has wilfully, maliciously, deliberately, and contrary to the peace and dignity of the State of Ohio, sworn to that which is false in any single instance, you are bound to believe that he has lied throughout.

Mr. B———, for plaintiff, inquired: "What if he corroborated?"

The Court, with much dignity, replied: "Wait until I am done! And if you should find that the aforementioned witness is corroborated, or sustained in any particular, by any other witness, you are bound to believe that said last-named witness lies also, in every particular of his statement! I am also requested to charge you that you find in your verdict the value of the property at issue.

"After some deliberation, I have concluded not to do that, but will simply say, if you find, in your finding, that you have found—you will have found, in your finding, whatever at that time you may find; on the *other* hand, gentlemen, if you find, in your finding, that you have not found—you will not have found—in your finding—what you ought to have found! Now, gentlemen, you have heard the testimony of the witnesses, the arguments of counsels, and *my charge*. Take the case!"

HOW THE IRISHMAN CONVERTED THE JEW.—A "'rale hard sinner," a native of the Emerald Isle, went to confession the other day to his parish priest, and so shocked the clergyman with a recital of his sins, that he exclaimed—"My son, did you ever do a good deed in your life?" "I did," said Pat; "I converted a Jew once." "How was that?" inquired the confessor. "You see," said Pat, "the long-nosed, porked-eating, murthering blaggard fell overboard, and I put afther his carcase in a bote. I sazed him by the top-not just as he was going down the second time, and pulled his head above the sburface, and says I, 'if I save you, will you be a Christian?' 'I won't,' says he; and with that I deposited his head about three feet under water again. Pulled him up once more, and put the question anew. 'Will you be a Christian?' to which he again answered 'No,' gruffly. I gave him another dip and brought him up puffing like a porpoise. 'Will you be a Christian now?' says I. 'Y-e-s,' says he, and his teeth chattering for all the world like a monkey that had burned his toes. 'Well,' says I, 'you are now converted, and you'd better die in the faith;' and so saying I held him under until his spirit had departed."

A SMART BOY.—At a school examination previous to the holidays, the master determined to give a finishing stroke to show off the proficiency of the scholars, as well as to give the parents and visitors a touch of his quality, as a superfine professor of penmanship shows the copperplate style. Propounding and expounding the questions to his dear scholars, he concludes—not very grammatically, you will say—with this grand question and key to the art of writing:—"What's the three first requisites of penmanship?" A shock headed and auburn genius, with a decided love to the vermillion, burning to be distinguished as a prize-holder, shrieked out, "Easiness, legibilitiveness, and dispatchitiveness!" "Who's that?" says the professor. "I, Bill Vickers." Old Mr. Vickers, who was present, with a tear of pride at the achievements of his son Billy, exclaimed, "Well, Billy, after that, you must go to college and learn algebragy."

A HARD HIT.—One of our citizens who is well known as a man of ability and wit, was once guilty of perpetrating the following:—Standing in the street one day conversing with Dr. Z., they observed another physician to pass in his chaise, accompanied by one of his patients who was fast recovering. "Well," said Dr. Z., "I never took a patient to ride in my life." "No," said our friend, "Mr. ———, the sexton, always saves you the trouble."—*Nantucket Inquirer.*

☞ An editor out West exhibited the other day, an astonishing instance of absent mindedness, by copying from an exchange paper one of his own articles, and heading it "Wretched attempt at wit."

A POETICAL LOVE LETTER.—We take the following from an English paper—as the fifth line fully proves:—

2 U, O! 2 U,
I vow to be true;
2 C it, Y I
To the world's end would fly;

I & I, N sI
Always following her;
For U, O! U R
Better looking by far!

So when I C I, N,
My head I shall toss;
And U, if U chance 2,
Be sure to look X. J. M. THORNTON.

OBEYED HIM TO THE LETTER.—An Englishman of recent importation, dropped into a restaurant in this city a few days since and made a hearty meal, topping off with a piece of pie. The latter upon tasting, he found to be cold, and calling the Ethiopian waiter, who stood near, he said to him, "Take this pie to the fire and 'eat it.'" His consternation was great when Sambo walked to the stove and quietly devoured the pie.

Agricultural.

SMALL LAWN TREES.

The following inquiry in reference to lawn embellishments is one frequently made. Many who are making rural improvements, are ignorant of the best varieties of trees and shrubbery as well as of the most suitable arrangement in planting. No specific directions can be furnished applicable alike to every situation. A late number of the Country Gentleman furnishes some very judicious directions on the subject:

"What are the best trees for a yard or lawn of one acre—such as will not grow too large for such a place? And how planted?"

Taking it for granted that the planting is to surround the dwelling, (and not to be, as too often, placed only towards the road, leaving all other sides bleak and bare) a leading object in our windy climate, is to shelter the grounds and house from the cold winter. Our deciduous trees do not hold their foliage half the year, and for this reason, evergreens should enter largely into every planting of this kind. These should be planted densely on the sides towards the prevailing cold winds, and placed towards the boundaries, in irregular and natural belts or morasses. The most rapidly growing, and one of the most beautiful, is the Norway fir; the white pine, on favorable soils, will grow about as fast. As the latter grows to a large tree, it should be placed on the most distant points, and allowed as much room as may be practicable, that it may form a round head, instead of running up to a pole—a corner of the lot will therefore generally prove the best spot. The Hemlock, Balsam Fig, American Arbor Vitæ, White and Black Spruce, and Austrian Pine, may be introduced, and variously intermingled. Among the smaller evergreens, to be placed towards the inner side of the plantings, are the common Juniper, the Red Cedar, the Tree Box, Savin, &c.

Two or three trees of the mountain ash, placed among the darker evergreens, will afford a pleasing contrast in winter by their brilliant, scarlet berries. The deciduous trees should be placed within, but not wholly so, or be somewhat mixed through them, that there may be a natural gradation from one to the other—for which reason, some of the finer formed and most symmetrical or graceful evergreens should be occasionally placed in the inner parts of the grounds.

Among the best small deciduous trees and large shrubs, are the Horse Chestnut, Weeping, Golden-bushed, and Flowering Ash, Tartarian Honeysuckle, Large-flowering Philadelphus, Siberian Lilac, Honey Locust, Rose and Scarlet Hawthorn, Chinese White Magnolia, Cercis or Judas Tree, Cornelian Cherry, Virgilia Laburnum, Purple Fringe, Striped Maple, and Privet.

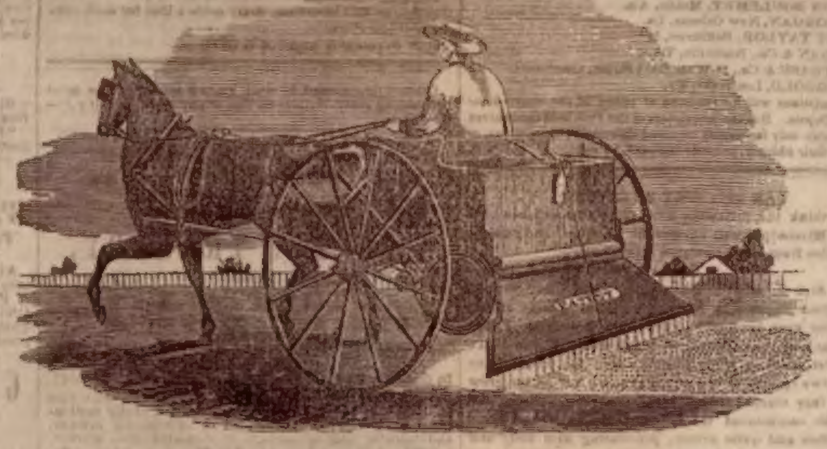
A very common error, which must be carefully avoided, is to dot over irregularly the surface of the ground, so that when the trees become large there is a uniform mass of confusion. Although straight lines are to be avoided, and the natural mode of planting adopted, yet there must be a meaning in the position of every tree. The ground must be left open or nearly unplanted in the direction of the finest objects of view, whether they be near or distant; and uninteresting or impulsive objects hid by dense evergreens.

Where shelter is no object, and where little care can be taken to keep the ground in order a very few large or park trees, with plenty of room between them, will answer the purpose best. These may be Oaks, Black Walnuts, Elms, Maples, Catalpas, Chestnuts, and Tulip trees. A very few of the larger evergreens may be introduced, seen as the White Pine, Norway Fir, &c.

LEACHED ASHES VS. MANURE.—The idea is entertained by some that the only value of leached ashes as manure is the potash they contain. We recollect seeing a field of wheat, several years since, on a portion of which unleached wood ashes had been spread, and on a contiguous portion, leached ashes, from a heap which had been exposed to the weather for many years. The same quantity of leached and unleached ashes were applied to the same extent of ground. The wheat on both lots showed a decided superiority over the rest of the field, but the appearance of the grain as to yield and quality, where the leached ashes were spread was equal, or if anything, superior to that on the other lot. A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker, says he has seen, in New York, "valuable crops of wheat raised on lands nearly exhausted, by manuring them in the ordinary way, with *leached* ashes. The ashes, which had been exposed to the weather for years, were spread over the ground and thoroughly mixed with the soil before the seed was sown. Nor was the effect confined to a single crop, but was visible several years afterwards."

LIQUID MANURE.—They prepare liquid manure in the German States, the Netherlands, &c., by sweeping the excrements of their stall-fed cattle into underground reservoirs, mixing with it four or five times its bulk of water, according to the richness of the dung; five reservoirs are generally employed, of such a size that they each take a week to fill, and thus each has four weeks allowed to ferment before the mass, which in this time becomes of an uniform consistence, is removed by a portable pump, in watercarts, or large open vessels.

WARTS ON HORSES.—James Fuller, Whiteside's Corners, N. Y., states, in the *Country Gentleman*, that he had a valuable horse with a wart on the inside of the thigh, as large as a man's thumb, three-quarters of an inch long. He applied wafers to it several times. By this means it was removed entirely in a few weeks, without any annoyance to the animal.



STEVENS' BROADCAST SEED-SOWER.

CORN AND RUTA BAGA TOGETHER.—A farmer residing at Whiteside Corners, New York, publishes in the Cultivator the following method by which ruta bagas and corn are cultivated together in that region of country. "First we draw out our manure in the spring on sward land, spread and plough under—plough deep, and give the land a thorough harrowing. Mark with a marker, three feet apart—take two parts wood ashes, one part plaster, and put your seed into it; give it a thorough mixing up with a shovel; drop a good handful in the hill, and plant your corn. The turnips will come up thrifty. The corn can be hoed nearly as quick the first time; some care must be taken not to cover or cut up the turnips. The next hoeing or hilling, they are out of the way, and should be reduced down to one turnip in the hill. If your corn fails, you are sure of a turnip crop. I have tried it successfully. One turnip in the hill does not injure the corn. Hundreds of bushels can be raised in this way, paying all the expenses of labor on the corn. Every farmer who plants from five to ten acres of corn, can raise from five hundred to a thousand bushels of turnips in this manner, which is almost a clear gain. Cut up the corn as soon as it is fit, five rows together; set it around a hill, and bind with two hands. Your turnips then have a chance to grow, and can stand until very late in the fall. Then take a common hoe and chop off the tops, then haul the turnips partially out of the ground with the side of the hoe, cut off the tap root, and give them a toss into rows which clears them from the dirt. You can then pass along with your cart and load them for the cellar."

A GREAT CORN CROP.—The American Farmer publishes a well attested statement from G. W. P. Smith, of Snow Hill, Md., one of the competitors for the premium offered by the Maryland State Agricultural Society for the best yield from one acre of corn, from which it appears that he harvested *one hundred and fifteen bushels, one gallon and one quart, from one acre of land.*

The land was ploughed about 11 inches deep, early in the spring, after having been heavily manured broadcast with new rotted stable manure, night-soil and wood-yard dirt. On the eighth day of May, the land was run out with a large plough, in rows 4 feet apart, in the bottom of which superphosphate of lime, mixed with Peruvian guano in about the proportion of one part of the former to two parts of the latter, was dropped. The mixture was then covered with a light plough, and the rows again opened and the corn dropped, after being dampened with salt water and rolled in plaster of Paris. It was then covered with an ordinary harrow, and rolled. As soon as the corn appeared above the earth, it was given a top-dressing of superphosphate of lime, at the rate of 200 pounds two the acre; and this was followed by a slight sprinkling of plaster of Paris. The corn was left to stand at about 11 inches apart in the rows. It was harrowed twice, ploughed once, and the plough was followed by the cultivator once, which is all the tillage the crop received.

TAR, A REMEDY FOR HORSE DISTEMPER.—Thomas W. Ladd, of Smithfield, Jefferson Co., Ohio, writes the Ohio Farmer, that he has found a remedy and cure for "distemper" in horses. He says: "Having three colts sick with this disease, an experienced farmer told me to use tar, and he thought that the sick colts would soon recover, and that those who had not taken the disease would not have it at all, or but lightly. I followed his directions to my entire satisfaction. I gave the colts, morning and evening, as much as I could readily get into their mouths with a paddle. After a few applications, the sick ones commenced running at the nose, their appetites returned, and in a short time they had entirely regained what they had lost from disease. The others never took it, to my knowledge.

"Some prefer mixing fish-oil with the tar; but I used it alone, and I believe it to be entirely sufficient, if the article be good, pure tar. I would have no faith at all in the *coal* tar, now in use in some places."

RELATIVE PROFITS OF MILK AND BUTTER.—Warren S. Judd, of South Hadley Falls, informs us that during the past winter he sold milk, at his door, for four cents per quart, at which rate his cows averaged twenty-three and a half cents a day each. He tried making butter, and found that the same quantity of milk produced a pound of butter a day, which sold at twenty-eight cents a day, making a gain of four and a half cents a day in favor of butter-making, at the prices named. On a trial of three days, six quarts of milk, beer measure, produced a pound of butter.—*Boston Cultivator.*

SOIL FOR FRUIT TREES.—Fine fruit can only be grown upon a soil naturally or artificially dry and firm. A wet soil, or a very loose peaty one, never produces fine fruit. Sandy soils, gravelly soils or clayey soils, as well as what are called loamy soils, can all be made to grow fine fruit, if properly cultivated, provided the subsoil is porous enough to permit the water to escape rapidly downwards a sufficient depth to allow the roots of trees at least three feet of soil, which is never filled with stagnant moisture—and the greater the depth of perfectly drained soil, the greater the certainty of success.

TO PRODUCE EARLY MELONS.—Put soil into a cheap wicker basket, or any open wicker work, and plant the seeds. These baskets may be set or hung in any warm or sunny place, and moved about to any point at pleasure. When the soil becomes settled and the weather suitable, these baskets may be fitted into the ground and left there. The roots, as they extend, will grow out through the openings about as well as if planted at first in the open ground. In this manner several weeks time may be gained.

EXCELLENT MIXTURE.—An excellent food for horses may be obtained by sowing a mixture of 1 bushel of barley, 1 bushel of oats, and about half a bushel peas. If the ground is rich an immense crop is obtained. It should be cut when the barley is ripe, which will be a little before the oats. They may be threshed and the grain fed to horses, or what is much better, cut up the straw and grain together with a hay cutting machine. This feed is much relished by horses, and we know of no way in which horses can be wintered so economically.

Useful Receipts.

TO DESTROY COCKROACHES, RATS AND MICE.—Take a sixpenny loaf of bread, the staler the better, reduce it to a crumb, then in a pot of water put two spoonsful cayenne pepper, one do. pulverised annis seed, half a drachm of saltpetre, the same of white lead, and a wine glass of extract of hops. Now throw in your crumbs of bread; digest for six hours in a moderate heat; strain through a cloth; add to the liquor thirty drops of the tincture of quassia, and let it stand until next day, and then bottle it. Some lumps of sugar saturated with this liquor will be a speedy cure for cockroaches. Some pieces of bread saturated with it, will destroy all the rats and mice. The above is extensively manufactured and sold at at a great profit.

HINTS TO LADIES.—Stair carpets should always have a slip of paper put under them, at and over the edge of every stair, which is the part where they first wear out, in order to lessen the friction of the carpets against the boards beneath. The strips should be within an inch or two as long as the carpet is wide, and about four or five inches in breadth, so as to be a distance from each stair. This simple plan, so easy of execution, will, we know, preserve a stair carpet half as long again as it would last without the strips of paper.

VINEGAR PLANT.—Two of our correspondents say that the vinegar produced from the vinegar plant is as good for pickling, or any other purpose, as cider vinegar; to make it *as sour* as which it is only necessary to add a little more sugar, or, what is better, molasses.

TO CLEAN SHELLS.—To clean and polish shells, wash them well with soap and hot water; if very rough on the outside, scour them with a bit of flannel dipped in wet sand. Wash it well off and smear them.

MOULDINESS.—Fruit jellies may be preserved from mouldiness, by covering the surface one fourth of an inch deep with finely pulverized loaf sugar. Thus protected, they will keep in good condition for years.

GINGER BEER.—Two gallons of ginger beer may be made as follows: Put two gallons of cold water into a pot upon the fire; add to it two ounces of good ginger bruised, and two pounds of white or brown sugar. Let all this come to the boil, and continue boiling for about half an hour. Then skim the liquor and pour it into a jar or tub, along with one sliced lemon and half an ounce of cream of tartar. When nearly cold, put in a teacupful of yeast to cause the liquor to work. The beer is now made; and after it has worked for two days, strain it and bottle it for use. Tie down the corks firmly.

POTATO YEAST.—Pare, and boil very tender, fifteen medium sized potatoes, mash fine while hot, add one large spoonful of flour, and two spoonsful of sugar, stir them in, and pour on boiling water (it must be boiling,) to make it a thin batter. When luke-warm, stir in one teacup of common yeast, and set it in a warm place to stand over night. This yeast will keep good two weeks in cold weather, but in summer should be made fresh for use. This quantity is sufficient to make eight large loaves, and is preferable for biscuit, muffins, rusk, etc., to any other kind. In using, it should be strained through a colander, by pouring the milk upon it, to free it from any lumps of potato which remain unmashed. Much is said and written of the injurious effects of saleratus in cooking, and we can assure those who will try it, that their bread or cakes made in this way, will be better without it than with it. Bread made with this yeast retains its freshness, and is tender and good much longer than with common yeast.

RELIGION AND POLITICS.—If politics are so bad that religious men and ministers can not mingle in them without detriment to themselves and their holy cause, there is so much the more reason for their reformatory work. Most of those persons who are shocked that ministers will occasionally "preach politics," or apply great religious principles to the administration of the government, or because clergymen manifest an interest in moral and religious questions upon which political parties are also divided, are usually persons of very little religion or very bad politics—commonly both. Men whose politics will not bear the test of Christian principles are very apt to scoff at any suggestion of comparison; and men whose religion is a housed-up Sabbath idol, never to be thought of or regarded on a week day, or applied to any of the business of life, undoubtedly will have a holy horror of making religion a practical thing.

VINEGAR ANIMAL.—Huc, in his travels in China, gives a curious account of the "Vinegar Animal," a polypus found in the Yellow Sea, which is placed in a large vessel filled with fresh water to which a few glasses of spirits are added; and, after twenty or thirty days, this liquid is transformed into excellent vinegar as clear as spring water, very strong, and of a very agreeable taste. Additions of pure water, without any more spirit, are all that is necessary to insure a perpetual supply. Like other polypi, it propagates from a detached limb. The formic acid of ants, and the exudations of the slimy grub which feeds on our pear leaves, contain vinegar.

STEVENS' BROADCAST SEED-SOWER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

This seed-sower (patented in 1856) is a very light, comfortable carriage, mounted upon two wheels; tasty in form, built entirely of wood. The forward part of the carriage is used for carrying grain or fertilizers in bags. The rear part is the hopper or seed box, for the seed or fertilizer in bulk. This hopper is so constructed as to deliver its contents to an opening in the rear part of the carriage, being the bottom of the hopper or seed box. This opening extends the whole width of the seed box. Directly in this opening lie a couple of rolls or "regulators," 2½ inches in diameter. These rolls are usually made of rubber, but any elastic substance will answer, the object being to protect the seed from crushing while passing through. On one end of the lower roll is fixed a cone, with scores for change of belt, for seeding light, medium or heavy. Around the cone runs a belt: this belt passes over a similar cone, being part of the hub of one of the wheels. In the rear of the seed-box, is a slide for cutting off or letting on the seeds, operated by the lever behind the man in the seat.

The seed board or distributor, seen sprinkling the seed, is hung upon hinges, the lower edge supported by a cord, fastened just behind the driver. When passing over stumps, stones, or inequalities of soil, the operator raises and lowers the board by merely taking hold of the *bite* of the cord. This seed-board is made very light, and is filled with partitions, radiating from the rolls; these partitions extending down within two or three inches of the lower edge. The lever seen at the side, is for tightening the belt, held by a *ratchet*, wherever the foot places it. The upper roll is raised or lowered by a simple *thumb-screw* at each end.

The farmer now directs his boy to load the carriage at the granary, filling the hopper in bulk, and taking in the front as much grain or fertilizer in bags, as will answer for the half or whole days work. He now places the belt upon the score of the cone which represents the quantity he wants upon the acre, and rides to the field. When ready to sow he lifts the lever behind him, letting the contents of the hopper go down to the opening between the rolls. The moment the rolls start, the seed or fertilizer commences passing in mathematical quantity between them into the seed-board, and continuing to do so until the hopper is exhausted. Between the partitions of the seed board the seed courses down until it reaches the ends of the partitions, where it again mingles, falling over the edge upon the soil in form of a shower.

To change the Broadcast for a Drill Machine, remove the seed-board—done in a moment—and attach the drill board, which in outward appearance is similar to the seed-board. The drill-board has within it, a quantity of *tubes*, pivoted at the head near the rolls, and movable at the lower ends, fastens with a common thumb-screw. The seed comes from the hopper as in broadcast, and is regulated as to quantity per acre in the same manner. It comes down the *tubes* and falls into the furrow just behind the point of the drill or share. A coverer and roller follow, completing the operation. The lower ends of these tubes being movable, admit of the rows being drilled as near or as far asunder as you please.

Machines are made for *hand* or *horse* power. For hand power, it being 6 or 8 feet wide, the machine will weigh about 120 pounds only, and the farmer walking at the rate of 2½ or 3 miles per hour will cover 15 to 20 acres daily—for horse power, sowing 10 to 12 feet wide, weighing about 300 pounds only; the horse moving at a speed of 2½ or 3 miles per hour, will sow 35 or 45 acres daily. A larger machine, sowing 25 or 30 feet wide, will cover 60 to 100 acres daily.

To finish out narrow strips of land, of less width than the capacity of the machine, you but throw the seed or fertilizer into the middle or one end of the hopper, confining it by one or more little slides not seen in the cut, and finish out your piece without waste of seed where you have already sown, or upon the grass bordering the field.

It will be noticed that whether the machine moves *fast* or *slow*, the horse trotting or walking, the same quantity of seed is put upon the rod or acre, the whole being governed by the *speed* of the rolls, and the speed of the rolls being governed by the speed of the machine.

The whole operation of this simple machine, is summed up in a very few words. The contents of the hopper are simply *rolled* out between two elastic rolls, in the plainest possible manner, and distributed accurately upon the soil, by the means of a double board with partitions, gradually widening the current of seed, until it *runs* off the edge of the side-board, *double* the width of the hopper.

The editor of the "Country Gentleman" says:—"We have examined the operation of this machine in sowing different seeds, varying in size from beans and corn to timothy, upon a floor; and, so far as this will afford a criterion of its merits in the field, can discover no reason why it should fail to realize the highest hopes of the inventor. As a Drill we cannot speak of it, but see nothing to prevent the equal efficiency of the same principle in both." Any information desired in regard to it may be obtained by addressing the proprietor, William S. Sampson, Boston, Mass.

CHARACTER FROM HANDWRITING.—I saw in a London paper (I forget the name of it, but as you see all the papers of course you know the one I mean,) about a fellow that, on receiving six postage stamps by post, would tell the character of the sender just by looking at the writing. So you see I got Sally the cook to write by holding her hand—and a thick, greasy hand it is—till she wrote a letter, and then we put in seven stamps, one additional for the size of Sally's handwriting, and off we sent it. Back came a reply with a week's laughing in it, stating that "the writer"—that is Sally—"was endowed by nature,"—and so she was, for she was and is tremendously fat!—"that she possessed strong good sense, and great constructive powers, and was eminently qualified to shine as a civil engineer!" and now Sally is known all over the house as Professor Cook, the dumpling engineer!

POPPING THE QUESTION.—"What a strange thing is acquaintance!" said a beautiful girl the other day to a friend of ours—"A year ago we had not seen each other—many a season had rolled its course, bringing hope, happiness, and perchance sorrow to each, without the cognizance of the other; and *now we are so intimate.*" Our friend says she looked so lovely he could not help pressing her delicate cheek—he asked her "if he had aught to do with the happiness of her future." "You are in all my dreams of the coming days," replied she. They are to be married next month. We consider this one of the neatest "poppings," especially as it happens in leap year.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 20, 11, 25, 32, 31, first taught the Athenians the arts of agriculture.
My 2, 19, 9, 24, 10, was the builder of Tiberius about the commencement of the first century.
My 3, 10, 28, 33, 29, 30, was King of the Goths in the year 401.
My 6, 21, 12, 22, 26, 27, was the builder of a wall between Carlisle and Newcastle.
My 17, 5, 40, 31, 23, 14, fortified Rome in the year 549.
My 7, 38, 35, 46, was an American captain that was executed as a spy by the British with great cruelty.
My 13, 17, 4, 3, 39, 20, 48, 43, was a lord that was beheaded in the year 1660.
My 42, 31, 9, 5, 20, 52, was ravaged by the Bulgarians in the year 712.
My 50, 14, 17, 28, 33, 13, 6, 23, was a battle-field in the year 1815.
My 45, 25, 20, 30, 44, 27, 18, defeated the Scots in the year 852.
My 14, 51, 27, 36, was a Princess of England in the year 1702.
My 90, 8, 51, 6, 3, 47, defeated the Hungarians in the year 914.
My 27, 32, 50, 1, 21, 32, 23, 29, 1, 3, 22, 27, 11, is a group of islands discovered by the Spaniards in the year 1700.
My 51, 37, 16, 34, 49, 27, was a lord that was killed in the battle of Trafalgar.
My 8, 30, 2, 26, subdued the Bohemians about the middle of the tenth century.
My 43, 6, 21, 41, 53, 29, was wrested from the Saracens in the year 1061.
My 27, 9, 36, 22, 39, 18, 46, 42, was a Duke that took Girone in the year 1711.
My 13, 6, 15, 5, 31, 28, was a Governor of Cadiz, that was murdered by the populace.
My 1, 19, 40, 26, 35, was surnamed the Hermit in the year 1092.
My 29, 49, 32, 10, 44, 33, 22, 30, took possession of Rome in 1187.
My 19, 33, 15, 25, was a General that surprised and routed the divisions of Girard in the year 1811.
My whole is an event that occurred in the year 1575.

B. C. M. A. GARDNER.
Navarre, Ohio.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 12, 2, 4, 9, 7, 10, was the name of an Israelite of the town Jetreil.
My 3, 11, 17, 15, 21, 16, is a building material.
My 8, 13, 1, 18, 21, 6, is part of the machinery of a ship.
My 14, 5, 19, 20, 12, 10, is the name of a plant.
My 20, is a vowel.

My whole is the name of a comet, the name of the town the discoverer resided in, and his name. J. W.
Sligo, Ky.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 9, 10, 17, is a river in Russia.
My 1, 6, 16, 17, 11, is a river in France.
My 1, 16, 12, 11, is a city in Italy.
My 2, 17, 9, 13, 15, is a range of mountains in America.
My 6, 2, 1, 15, 7, 0, is a city in Poland.
My 3, 11, 17, 2, is a river in Siberia.
My 9, 11, 2, 9, is a sea in Asia.
My 4, 13, 17, 2, 15, is a gulf on the coast of South America.
My 5, 16, 14, 17, is a cape on the coast of South America.
My whole is a distinguished writer and lecturer in the United States. E. V. FAY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a wood where branching trees,
Spread their leaves to inhale the breeze,
Where they their buds have burst—
A handsome tree was born and slain—
With saw and chisel, rule and plane,
Was made into my first.

In iron-mines and mines of gold,
The miner digs, as we are told—
Hard work, I trow, it's reckoned;
These ores then pass through intense heat,
Producing bars for smith to beat
And shape into my second.

When midnight darkness crowns the night,
And thieves elude the watchman's sight,
And steal like rat or mouse—
When people who retired to rest,
Are in the arms of Morpheus pressed,
My whole secures the house. GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first I hope you'll never do,
While stepping at my second;
Among the birds that fly in air
My whole is always reckoned.

Lexington, Ky. J. G. COOPER.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What is that, which if I have, I wish to gain it; if have not, I do not wish to have it; and if I gain it, I no longer have it?

Fredericktown, Pa. JIM.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A lady possessed a farm in a circular form of 500 acres with her dwelling in the centre, having 3 daughters, and wishing to have them settle near her, she gave them equal farms as large as could be described in here with their dwellings in the centre of their farms. Require how many acres each daughter will have, how many the mother will have left, how far each of their dwelling will be from that of the mother's, and how far from each other? W. E. G.

Jacobstown.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why might a hat be fitly called a Golgotha? Ans.—Because it is the place of a skull.

☞ Why are levers like turnips? Because they are often pried.

☞ If one dove were to express its thanks to another why would its gratitude prove fatal to its companion. Ans.—Because it would be a coo de grace! (*coup de grace.*)

☞ Why may Dutchmen be said to come into the world ready dressed? Ans.—Because they are born in Holland.

☞ Why is a tired man like an umbrella? Ans.—Because he's used up!

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—John Paulding, David Williams and Isaac Van Wert the captors of Andre. ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—Thomas Hart Benton. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Christianity introduced in England. CHARADE—Sun-set. RIDDLE—Riddle. CHARADE—Greenland. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—3. PROBLEM—Friend James had 15 sheep. Farmer B 20. N S. We find the Arithmetical Puzzle published in the "Post" March 22nd, can be solved in various ways. We have now before us twelve different answers sent to us by our correspondents. We think the rules were not meant to be employed, but where the numbers only are used, one answer is as correct as another.

ANSWER TO GAHMEW'S CHARADE.

March 8, 1856.

My friends, ye writers for the Post,
I've read full many a time,
Your Riddles, Problems, and Charades,
And often thought them fine.

And now I call on "old Gahmew,"
Although his name is hard,
Unless he sends these lines to you,
"I'll surely send my card."

A Charade to the Post he sends,
For all its readers to see,
And thinks perhaps we prize it some,
And praise his wit, ah! me.

I'll tell you what, you old *Sea Base*,
Although we tell it to,
There's more hard sense in our old *Pail*,
Than ever was in you.

And as we read your lines to-day,
And wondered them all o'er,
We thought if we had Sea Base to pull
Input,)
We'd think of them still more. NEL.